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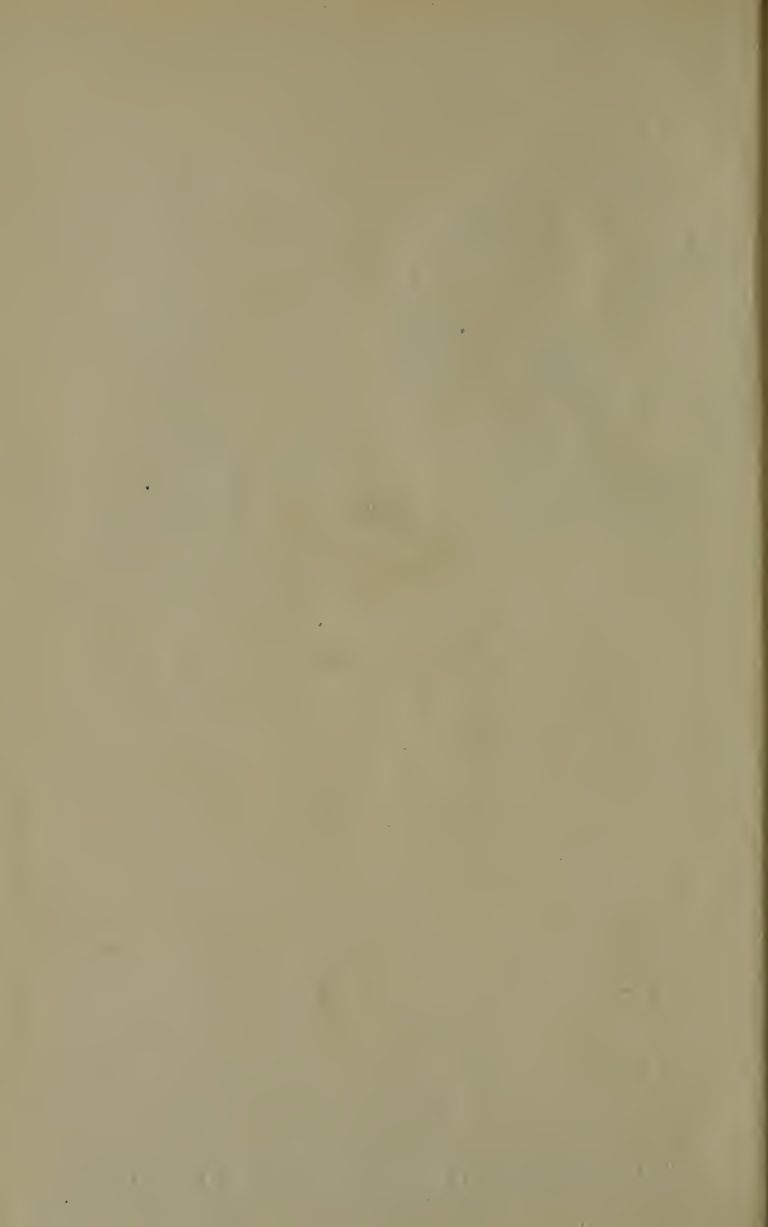


Volume VI. Number 1

October 25, 1911

Price Ten Cents

1717 California Street, San Francisco





Volume Six

No. *14*.....





Volume Six

A Monthly Magazine
Published at 1717 California Street
San Francisco, California

San Francisco, California
1912





161300



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“Get your happiness out of
your works, especially if you
are working others.”



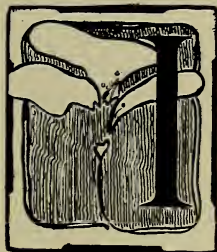
Nature

Painted by Arthur F. Mathews



October 25
Volume VI
Number 1
1911

The Printed Page



IN this, the month of October, the season when the abundance of California's vineyards and orchards overflow the markets and get on the tables of both rich and poor alike, it is the custom of PHILOPOLIS to reflect over the bounty and pleasantness of nature. It is for this we have selected the subject THE PRINTED PAGE. For what is there that comes to us more freely, with less urging and with more messages in news, truth and art than type imprints on paper? And where is the age that can be more fittingly called the



golden era of printing? What other time has been more blessed with the miracles of printing—in all its multifarious activities? Every morning each sovereign American gets a direct report of the callings, aspirations and inclinations of his multitudes. While he sips his well-earned morning coffee and daintily nibbles a roll, all the doings, goings and comings of people are brought to him verbatim—fresh out of the power press. Therefore that he, the great American citizen, tolerates this one great Trust—outside the U. S. Mail Service and the Universal Gumshoe Corporation.

The Printed Page is King: and we swear by it. It may have two curious ear growths behind it; but “the King is never wrong”—even as Midas was!



PRINTING is a fine art. It has been said the fine arts are the play, the residue of the excess energy of men. A blunter intelligence mentions them as the voluptuaries of labor. Another as the labors of love. A closer reasoning would make of them the opportunities of commercialism. It is because the commercial temperament very seldom lets an



opportunity slip that has made of printed matter the all genius absorbing activity in modernity. An up to date plant for the production of print is by all odds the most complete in the voluptuousness of its enclosures and in the ingenuity and perfection of its mechanical devices. One might believe all this preparation for the issue of the printed page showed signs of degeneracy; but when it is realized no morning paper could reach its consumers in its multifold intelligence, genius and sheets of paper, else by means of this perfect channel, the whole aspect of things changes. It is not at all "art for art's sake"; but a fine art put in action for the preservation, enlightenment and advancement of our constituted liberties, our rights and privileges to know all things and regulate the movements of all matters.

Therefore, All Hail to the King, The Printed Page, and the abundance of it, and The—Trust! Our forefathers were content with a few thousand dollars worth of print; but we in our great avidity for truth, art and news, consume well nigh a billion dollars worth per annum; and printers predict that by another decade America shall absorb a doubled amount.



CITIZENS of all lands formerly depended upon the common scold and the town pump for news of the day; and upon the great bells of their assembling places for the signs of revolution. Change at such times was written red. With the universal franchise red is eliminated from politics. With the printed page in active service, ever fluttering at our doors, with messages warm from the power press and linotype, news comes directly, clearly and truthfully, to each of us. This combination never omits anything nor makes errors of statement—its only sin being of typographic origin, something entirely arising through imperfect humanity. Proofreading is still done "by hand." In truth it is the only matter of handiwork now connected with the printed page. Therefore the unflinching truthfulness of the American newspaper—it seldom being proof read—a merit PHILOPOLIS is not entirely devoid of.





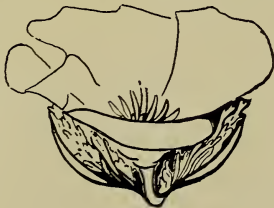
The Arts

Painted by Arthur F. Mathews



E suggest that over proof reading is a vicious tendency, because proof readers think too much of spelling, punctuation and the elegancies of grammatical construction. This is not the true and truthful mission of the printed page. It is what a

column of type on paper has to say for itself—and the American sovereign, in this instance or era—and not how something is put before the people. Again, proof reading leads to art for art's sake; and thus, through over refinement of mere literature the truth is apt to affright, and all the uncomplimentary tints of truth are apt to get erased from the printed page—leading a people to the delusion that truth only has one side in its expression. Truth in reality cuts two ways, or paints both sides of life's fences. As one has said, "a portrait painter draws two likenesses every time he has a sitter, one of self and one of the sitter."





UNCONSCIOUSLY every printed page draws its own character as well as the character of an interviewed or reviewed person, thing, device or art. And the reason why we know so little of the real characteristics and usages of former ages is because everything from the making of paper down to distributing printed pages was done by hand. So many personalities were engaged in the production of one page in a book or journal that a composite picture has come down to us from all other times in printed matter that is robbed of all clean cut decision of character. While with us, from the time the noble, self-sacrificing forest gives itself up to paper, to the period when the sovereign American takes his truth from print with his coffee, no human hand has touched either the type or the page itself. It all comes to him clean, sanitary, truthful, full of intelligence—uncontaminated and unrobbed of character, or truth in its two-fold meaning.

To arrive at this superb point in artistic progress—towards the elimination of super sensitiveness from society, towards the eradication of



the evil idea from men's minds that Truth is a beautiful wench at the bottom of a well, it has taken centuries of time and an enormous sacrifice of capital and labor.



THE Egyptian had a species of paper, papyrus, made from reeds growing on the Nile ; but it was not until the Arabian hordes conquered a part of China that the heathen of the Land

of the Sun gave up the real secret of true paper making. Before, the Europeans were put to the trouble of scraping sheep skins as a substitute to papyrus. Paper was scarce even at the time of the American revolution ; and our forefathers were put to it in order to supply the army with sufficient gun wadding. And here lies, perhaps, the real reason why Americans have a little more regard for the Chinese than for other Asiatics. We owe, it is said, not only for paper, but also gunpowder, to China.

However it was not until the nineteenth century that the vulgar method of making real paper was supplanted by the voluptuary arts. It cost two Frenchmen, at that time, half a million to perfect the machinery by which the forest is made to yield its pulp for the making of those



huge rolls of clean paper uncontaminated by human hands, we now see going into the basements of the modern news utilities. A grateful public and press allowed both to live in an almshouse in their latter days. The price of both machine and the public hospitality and sympathy was high, of course ; but the ultimate output is worth both the sympathy and money—expended.



As to the man who first succeeded in printing by the aid of mechanical devices from movable type ; he is barely worthy of a side remark in these days of luxurious printing establishments. True, some of the later printers, through the patronage of the select few, grew measurably rich and produced some fair specimens of printed pages ; still their systems were so crude and clumsy that the multitude was little benefited. Small wonder, then, that democracy was a hollow mockery and soon turned into either oligarchy or monarchy. But with the invention of the linotype (the type-setting machine), that last word in printing devices, a printed page finally emerges



in all its truth and fine art, unsullied, uncontaminated by minions of aristocracy. And thus the voice of the surging multitudes is recorded in all its faith, glory and insurgency, and echoed by machinery from end to end of the earth. And thus art triumphantly fulfills its mission. And thus we come to know that instead of being the product of the excess energy of man the fine arts are the all in all of man's endeavors. As the lexicographer says, "Art is opposed to nature ; art is a practical solution, a skilled performance of a given operation ; it is a cunningly devised system for shifting burdens and consequences ; it is dexterity and by it horns may be grafted on love's brow — or one's pockets may be neatly picked."



BEFORE the age of fine printing as a universal art, the printed page misconstrued the very objective of art. We are told by these primitive pages that art has a twofold mission, use and beauty. Metaphysicians have gone so far astray as to confound beauty with use. Our latter day architects, clearer in conception, insist that their art is first, last and ever functional ; that function (the peculiar or appointed



action of the organs in the animal or vegetable kingdom) being ever insistent, all the common functions in buildings are the all in all of the worthy art. Says one, we live in an age where the machine has become a fixture in our economy ; therefore nothing but what the machine does easily should be essayed in the art — regardless of whether the same could be performed easier and cheaper by hand. This is insurgency, the reflection of the modern printed page in every up to date magazine and newspaper and social problem novel of the era.

Time rings in its mighty changes. Art is no longer a bi-product, but the all in all — the voluptuary in labor, as an astute bidder for favor supreme hath said. And thus living hath come costly ; for many demands create high prices.





Dining Room Set

Designed and Manufactured by FURNITURE SHOP, 1717 California Street



BEAUTY, let us understand, is not a part of or a prime purpose of art. Beauty grows out of a peculiar quality of soil ; it is spontaneous ; it is a bi-product of nature, so to speak, and therefore in opposition to art. Before me is a copy of the "Official Souvenir" of ground-breaking for our "World's Fair" by President Taft. The lady on the cover seems to say, with a fine sweep of the hand toward a painted sun, "here the Sun sets in all its gilded tawdriness on beauty, and Art flashes golden rays over Golden Gate Park."

"Nor forget through all the effort

In the years when backs are bent,
That the first to grasp a shovel (full)
Was Our Country's President."

Somewhere there is a something about a mountain that labored violently and brought forth a teddy bear. Will one of our spring poets now please bring forth violently an insurgent couplet about the Panama-Pacific Official Program Souvenir of October, 1911, and how it came of the travails and throes of the modern linotype and power press.



By its inspiration one of "our staff" has suggested a new classification in World's Fairs. A Palace of Printing is suggested, wherein the progress of the art of making books from papyrus scrawls to our "Official Souvenir", in all its pristine perfection in the fine art of printing, and without the interposition or presumption of human taste or violence of nature.

It would be a splendid object lesson to the discerning few, at least, and a wise people would soon see just what the high cost of living is and just what kind of truth they gulp each day in October — with their coffee.



OUR pardon — there is no intention of giving personal offence to any of the millions of American citizens. Art is King — regardless of all prejudices of the American sovereign; and their chief counsellor is the printed page. Still, we deny strenuously that this output of the arts is that which "had its origin in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile, and on the hillsides of Syria and Greece." For this civilization that has "turned its back" on the Orient, and yet "looks Janus faced"



toward it, is of another breed, of another inspiration.


And so we may trust that the modern conception in libraries — the delusive device of enclosing a multitude of printed pages worth a few thousand dollars, in old style palaces costing millions is neither more nor less than a precious compliment to the memory of mummies of a diseased state, a civilization gone into "innocuous desuetude", and which might be viewed by the disinterested as the sepulchre of genius and nature — but which are, fortunately or unfortunately, occupied by substitution.



As one has said, "when the Orient and the Occident meet again in the waters of the Pacific, there is no foretelling what's to happen." The Yellow Peril might become a reality, and that beauty loving, unpractical, inartistic civilization "born in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, and which flourished on the hills of Syria and Greece," might flow back through the Panama-Pacific and lap threateningly over the steps of the great new library in New York City,



which, by the way, cost some ten millions of dollars, or about ten times the value of the printed pages it engulfs — at a forced sale.

 ONCE saw the fine Latin line, "*otium cum dignitate*," illustrated by two pigs in clover. And this reminds me that some of our muckrakers, educators and insurgents have lately created something of a row over that printed page, called the Sunday Comic Supplement.

It is said by all such, "the said page is neither humorous nor artistic." But here again appears to be an error—either "in presumption or in definition." And it opens a whole line of doubts as to whether muckraking, insurgency and education are merely atavisms or innovations; whether they belong truly to the new or the old civilization.

Essentially, humor is neither sour nor sweet, funny nor grotesque, amusing nor loving, facecious nor supercilious, to the general run of humanity. Where it tickles one it pricks another; where this one goes into peals of cachinnation another waxes wrothy. Still some people really and truly believe humor to be that which chuckles



their conceit and smoothes their hair in the right direction. Some pages of print, while they purport to be droll interviews which put the interviewed in a ridiculous position, more often exhibit a cruel wit with two long ears behind. However, the comic is not synonymous with humor. Again the comic is not the funny, else it is assumed that any form of contortion or willful disorganization of form or color is funny. As an artistic proposition, the Sunday Comic Supplement is surely all the printed page could demand in artistry. Beauty, as said, is not an essential part of art. So long as a work excites emotion — revulsion, love, a function or laughter — its object is attained. Humor and beauty only excite the few. So, it being the main object of the printed page to stir the multitudes, a printer's art — either in type or in pictorial form — must needs eschew both humor and beauty — therefore the title, "Comic Supplement."

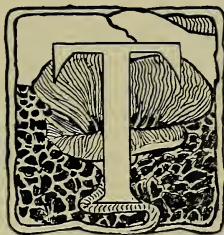




CHILDREN'S experiences are a series of refined judgments — prejudices if you will, as Goethe has said. Sometimes children chuckle over the Comic Supplement; and if you look over their shoulders at such — not so frequent — times, it will be discovered they chuckle because an enemy to justice has been blown to atoms by the Katzenjamer kids, or tripped by auntie. It is only till after childhood that the human kind cry in anger or burst into a loud guffaw over the pictures in a comic paper — which goes to prove the said sheet sometimes gathers humor to itself and is artistic in the extreme.

One Boston editor would never, so they say, have any pictures of funerals or drunkenness in his comics — touched a weak spot, maybe — subscribers and editors being often supersensitive and given to the artistic temperament.





THE written word and drawn picture are stronger than the spoken ones," we are told; "when either are printed they get stronger, but when put in books they are powers to be reckoned with." And why should it be otherwise? Both are symbols, standing for ideals of human desire; the more often they are iterated the greater hold they have on memory; the more expensively they are bound (or framed) the more precious they are. A word or picture sewed in a book, covered with vellum or calf, and bearing a gold-stamped legend, when encased in ten million dollars worth of granite wall, must needs be the ultimate in words and pictures.

It stands to reason that a man who could not tell the difference between a chromo (printed in Japan or in Europe) and a Botticelli, in real life, would become an authority in matters artistic, if perchance his word for it were printed on precious paper in expensive type and bound in calf and deposited in a ten million dollar sarcophagus.



RE-EMINENTLY proper also is it that the sarcophagal casket, receptacle or mausoleum should be in Greek, strained through the finest fabrics in type of the Parisian school of art. So, in the Palace of Print we suggest for the coming

Fair, there can be no mix up in regard to choice of style of either plan or the elevations of it. It needs must have a round center resplendent in radiating and gold paved aisles. For is this not the form of the type letter O, the biggest symbol in our alphabet, the ancient sign of the Sun, the almighty consuming god of ignorance, superstition, fear and canibalism.

No! this is not pessimism; for, "there is no death, Out of this holocaust we see arising an ancient ship, a Greek galley; it launches on the Pacific, and as it cuts the waters there springs from the deck a youth—a promise of a new beginning—a return of nature.



“ For virtue only of all human things
Takes her reward not from the hands
of others.

Virtue herself rewards the toils of
virtue.”



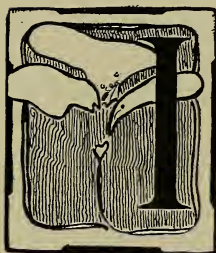
The Gleaners, Panel in Colored Relief.

By LUCIA K. MATHEWS



November 25
Volume VI
Number 2
1911

What Will She Do With It?



IN Chinese the mysterious or unfathomable is represented idiographically in two parts, one meaning young and the other woman — wife, in the same way, being denoted by a woman holding a broom. As a Japanese naively writes : “the occidental might believe this symbolism to show a very low estimate of women by the oriental ; still the derivation of wife, the weaver, could carry with it the same conviction among orientals. Anthropologists love to remind us that civilized man upon a time was neither tiller of the soil, husband nor weaver ;



but just a wild creature hunting for a living and dressing in the hides of his victims. Some, a little more vicious, insist that the female not only bore the children, but also, in the beginning, provided the living, the male being merely a semi-useful animal in the family economy. Later the female is said to have whipped "her mate" into a more comforting frame of mind and physical use. Under such tutelage and discipline the He waxed stronger; and thus by degrees the She softened. Then it came that the male ascended in the affairs of the clan; but he still spent his time in desultory hunting and fishing while "his mate" tilled and wove. It would suggest itself, therefore that the female, rather than the male, was the first artist, inventor or innovator. In time, of course, the female endowed her male issue with her original skill, inventiveness and unknowableness; but like any unappreciative pupil or heir he has denied the master and appropriated the rights of the Universe and the genius thereof. "All purely imaginary," but yet far more plausible than most male's presumption to superiority of sex; for there are still whole tribes of half barbarous people among whom the females rule; and there are others, more numerous, where the male is virtually a useless



lout—the females doing all the sewing, dish-washing and gardening. In a nearer civilization the latter are discovered in My Lord's harem, doing the loveliest embroideries, tapestries and rugs, while the males amuse themselves hamstringing one another, or playing commercial or political pranks—building empires, as they say.

Later we get the embarricaded household and the rag doll chivalry. But it is only when time descends to that near-civilization we call modern that the female recovers a semblance of the old freedom, and issues from confinement to battle for a living for self and young alongside the male. Some cry aloud for this "evil". But what other catastrophe could be expected? Having taken about all clean, profitable occupation—once the sole business of females—out of "her household" and delivered the same over to machinery and the sweatshop, what else could be expected as an outcome; what else could be the climax than that the female should follow the exodus of genuine industry from her household and earn "her pittance" in "the world's markets, in competition with males and machinery."

One suspicions that females grip at the franchise as an instrument of her restoration; as a weapon to beat the devil; as a tool for accom-



plishing the impossible job of erecting a social edifice in "economic equity" away from the household. If such is the inspiration of feminine avidity for the vote there is little use in discussing the female vote; for the ballot at any time is at best but a weapon of defense, or more properly speaking, a shield. Males have never found it otherwise, in spite of their bigoted beliefs in democracy and the franchise. Today, even in this capacity, it is a riddled, smirched, battered thing—which would explain, in part, why women have at last been given this privilege of citizenship by the males. Little is left of it.

However, the male has found one use for the ballot; it can be used to irritate a minority or deal a foul blow at a working majority. And for this, some males are wondering if females will go and do likewise. Every male with a system for the amelioration of fools, the tripping of success, or the equalization of burglars with bucket-shop brokers, is looking to the female vote for succor—suckers, we almost wrote. Some others profess to believe every woman will immediately sally forth and—do "the tenderloin"—or smash it. Whether the female will do these things—or one of them—use the vote to drive "opposition out of trade," or restrict



Living Room Table

Designed and Made by FURNITURE SHOP, 1717 California Street



efficient business ; or whether she will merely use it as a shield to her divine privilege in honor and service, may be debatable. Be this as it may, it behooves the women to guard their rights to freedom of contract. Such laws as that of this State, which peremptorily prohibit females from being employed more than eight hours per diem are virtually — despite chivalric and benevolent protestations to the contrary — things to be studied with an eye to social economy and morality. With an eye, in truth, on the whole male shoddy shop and foreign trade ; for this “hygienic and race culture” law has all the air behind it of being instituted by a whole world of avidity, commercial astuteness and ignorance.


“ But will the female vote operate in this soul capacity as a bulwark against sinners and the over anxious, or will it attempt to prohibit males from doing such “unmanly labors” as sitting on soft jobs, sewing and dishwashing?” Will it pass a law inhibiting males from working at all until the ripe age of thirty? Some males believe, or pretend to believe she, the female voter, will sit upon some of his appropriated rights or extraordinary interests in self ; will question his special talents for turning the clock back and nullify his trick of voting nimble dollars into his



own pocket, as it were, by doing likewise. But there is a chance that the female vote will show the wisdom of the serpent and take a broader view of human capacity. She, the woman, may not, after all, make herself ridiculous by attempting to drive the tide backward with the ballot box, but use it merely as a means of guarding efficiency, rather than illegitimate desires in the economy of her household.

As a matter of course a whole decade must needs elapse before any one can really say what's to chance. In the meantime, as before, each little step and false move of the woman is to be watched — success and failure alike will be knocked, and every gyration of the universal franchise, when it threatens to end unpleasant, will become chances for the ridicule of the female vote. Males are to cast their votes on the waters — and damn the females for not bringing them back — as ever. Therefore don't get too previous in symbolizing the female vote ; for the male voter belongs to the unknowable, and a late civic administration of ours (all males) carried a broom in victory — you know what it did with the broom.



N the female's competition with the male in the great outside — detached as it were, from traditional and extraordinary precautions hedged about her "for protection"—woman is at a physical disadvantage in many ways. As a rule she is not costumed for "business"; her long incarceration in a limited environment and the corsage has, perhaps, reduced her anatomical apparatus to a minimum of effectiveness, where in a savage or semi-savage environment she was as vigorous and enduring as the male, if not more so, as some anthropologists suggest. So it might be suspicioned, before the modern female really is in a position to "make good" an antagonistic vote or is able to drive opposition out of business, she is under the obligation of breeding out a "stronger type" of her own sex. To a certain type of male, such possibility galls; these love "their mates" as fragile beings, clinging and dependant, fit to be enclosed in glass and gorgeous like the peacock; whom they would fain worship as goddess, fair lady or angel, when their dispositions run thusly, when their stomachs and liver don't trouble: they would not have her mixing in filthy politics, nor battling in the great outside for sustenance. Lovely, and



choicest of chivalry ; but when there is no lord, nor a worshipper, nor a provider, and the woman is forced to strike out, regardless of tradition and corsets, the story reads just plain working female, typewriter, *femme de chambre*—or prostitute. One such, suddenly burdened with five children, and no male provider, writes to a press philosopher for advice : "What, in this world of more dishonest ways than honest ones of getting bread, (judging of course from the output of news gatherers) shall a woman in my position do?" she writes. And, quite like a male, the philosopher voluminously replied, "Don't !" as if she had not already declared "she wouldn't—not on her life !"

However, there is this much to excuse the male in such cases ; when a woman is put to it to support, to raise five children through her sole exertions, it is not the time to ask, how ? Such problems are to be asked and answered at the age of sweet sixteen, when life is rosiest, at its most enthusiastic period, at its most pliant stage. Even the male, with no particular brains or capacity for doing things, when cast adrift at twenty, without much else than sensibilities derived from a foolish education, has a hard lot in front. Being afraid to soil clean linen and being advised he



should not debase his lovely education and breeding by working, else at a gentlemanly occupation, it follows naturally that he is put to it to find a graft or take to safe cracking. With a female there is the tenderloin at the end of a streak of "white lights", or plain working female. And it is to the credit of these that a larger proportion of the failures take to self-immolation, when it comes to a choice of crooked and straight, than holds good among male derelicts, judging by male comments.

"Give our youth, then, a vocational education," quoth the educator.

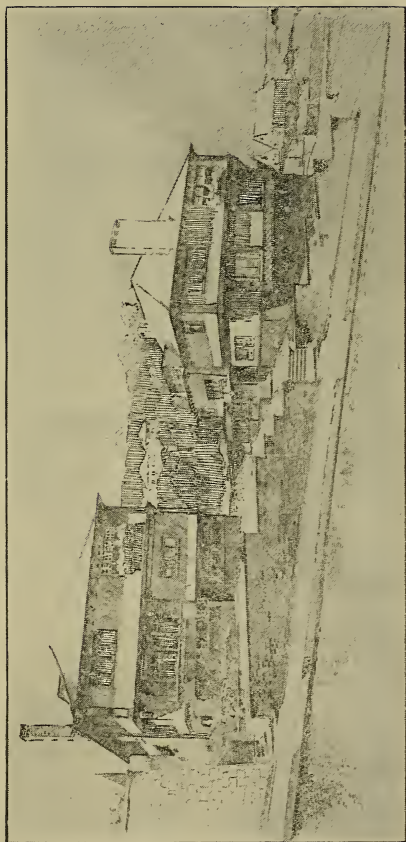
Yes, but what is a vocational education?

It cannot be extracted from the ballot box; neither may it be acquired by enactment of legislature, nor by the so-called "initiative and referendum." And it surely is not a little sewing, cooking and basket-ball for girls, nor a little type-setting, carpentry and football for boys.





RISTOCRACY in this Republic in this "industrial age," is not being born into a "privileged caste." The ballot, or franchise, has ceased to be a privilege and has become a common—almost unsalable—commodity. So it is not worth while to acquire an education for the enjoyment of the one or in order to use or abuse the other. Aristocracy, in truth, with us might be the issue of the plebis rather than the progeny of Me Lud and a dance hall favorite (female); and the common could be just somebody born with "an ancestry," who could not do anything, and would not if he or she could. Or, in other words, it might not be the very much frayed fringe of the "nouveau rich", otherwise called "the social climber." And yet we are told by an American hygienic expert and reformer that humanity can not breed out "a desirable species" as breeders breed out "fat hogs and fleet horses." The same says, "Away with tradition and the Constitution and the courts; give us sterilized milk, sanitation and tin slippers for the salvation of the race." Drole, these hygienic reformers and referendum breeders. Out of one corner of the mouth it's



EDGAR A. MATHIEWS, *Architect*



"you can't, poor fools," and out of the other it's "we can, the wisest of guys." But what's the use? Why save babes from mosquitos and then dip them at the age of puberty in boiling fat? Might as well assume the philanthropic role of playing Good Samaritan in the daylight and slugging the weary wayfarer in the dark.

In truth it were a far better morality to take the old-fashioned mother's way of exposing her babes to "child's diseases": there would be fewer grown ups, at least, to plague cruelty to animal experts and reformers in general. The basic proposition then, is not how many babies are saved by killing flies and sterilizing milk, but how many youths are saved shoddy occupations. It is not how many inhabitants a city contains, but how many are engaged in really profitable pursuits. It is not how much profit does an individual reap from the industry and trade of a community, but how does he or she use the surplus — does it go back into the community, or is it spent in foreign indulgences in a foreign place.





WE are ever confronted by circumstances; we may resent our conditions and environments: but neither kicking nor voting will change circumstances, conditions or environments. Where forty per cent of the voters habitually sells its vote to men who make it an industry to levy blackmail on all who can pay, it is useless to enact anti-bribery laws, for the forty per cent will stand pat, and the other sixty per cent will consider "the briber" justified. "Sixty per cent can vote a leech out of office?" Sure! but what's the use if the forty per cent swing to another party with the same immoral desires, or to another it can completely hoodwink. And here is the crucial test through which the female vote is to be examined. All the rest is purely matter of individual, or personal example, behavior or activity. Is she to be fooled all the time in political morality?

In all questions of reform then the woman is to be praised or blamed on the question of whether she does or does not vote for efficiency in governmental affairs — efficiency being in this case, as in any other, a matter of men and women, not one of "policy or policies."



The female vote then stands for good or ill in proportion to its fear of efficiency, in proportion to its desire to pose in a position it does not fit, in relation to the amount of jealousy it displays toward success. If it studiously places enthusiasm on ice, blocks every attempt to improve environments with a facetious inflection on the artistic ; if it associates all skill with trickery, if it assumes that all business is contained in bookkeeping, if it ever accepts "majorities" limited conceptions as the right, if it builds hideously because it can not consent to having the skillful build for it and apologizes on the plea of "no money," it would a pity be ; for males can do such jobs to perfection — all by their lonely.

Woman, therefore, is in a position in California to either make a brand new record in politics, economy and industry, or to repeat the old gags. Consequently when the good preacher is at the point of hammering his pulpit, in accent of very good advice about the red lights, divorce courts and prison gates, it would be advisable for woman to consider the dandelion and how it grows and crowds out the grass from the green lawns. Perhaps the pulpit itself, the shepherd is about to whack in driving his lambs, is not what it claims. Instead of being a piece of "art work," elabor-



ately carved, it is a mimic affair made to look "just as good." And perchance, one side of the church itself — that turned from the main street, is done in a "cheaper" material. And this being so, any woman ought to know why all the fine "art lessons," morality and patriotism taught in school and church go astray. A man with a paste diamond as a scarf pin, however large it may happen, does not quite inspire the confidence another would, even if that other wore no jewelry at all. The same rule holds good here as it — should hold good with a printed page. One of these latter, if supported by questionable, suggestive or light-fingered advertising matter, can not be sincere. Even a high moral and sensitive editor may not escape the "unclean money" he accepts—"without responsibility." Because something "pays" is not a moral defense for "the profit."

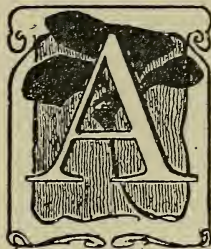
Suppose a female, on the plea of making a household a commercial success, should plaster it with all sorts of suggestions of how to get easy money, easy credit and an easy living. My lord, the male, both in press and pulpit, would scream. And yet the commercial household is covered with such bids for "popular favor." Sifting the charges against corporations and trusts down to



facts and it is found that "it is criminality" for two, three or forty individuals to do in business what one or a majority may do with impunity. In our newly discovered public conscience it is found moral for the individual to kill and the multitude to confiscate — provided the individual is not an "employer" and the multitude is "my majority." If an accused is a member of "my class," it is quite proper while his case is pending in a common court of justice to prejudice the multitude in his favor, while it is highly immoral for any "other class" to do likewise. Adventurous females and laborers may shoot to kill; but woe betide the male or female who shoots in self defence, even when driven to distraction by adventurer or adventuress with a system of moral uplift on his or her shoulder — balanced like the problematic ship.

In truth, as every woman with her wits about her should know by this time, moral regeneration in business and politics in these days might be well represented by a colossus with one foot in "special interest" (personal advantage) and the other in a mud puddle.

What is the female vote going to do about it?



AND here we have a female economist telling the women "the household is not and should not be a workshop." Pray! what should it be? a crib, a hospital for accouchment, a harem or a hotel for derelicts.

A decade passed: the high moral and economic contingency were preaching the efficiency of "mass living," the grouping of families in huge barracks with common kitchens and common laundries. Everything, to be moral and economic, was to be *en masse*. Economists still cling to "the ideal", but the moralist cries aloud over "the evil." It is our privilege to point out that neither the moralist nor the economist is right in any measure.

Primarily the household is a workshop, or it is an almshouse; it is either a producer or a graft, to put the matter clearly.

Again, there is nothing in "the cheapness of mass production"; else it is a substitution of the shoddy for the genuine; and the whole propaganda as a race or economic proposition merely promises to breed out a cheap species. The survival of the fittest in such conditions, environment and circumstances means merely the



survival of those in the race who are fit to live, work and die in common, unqualified herd life. Good preacher, it does not mean the survival of the mentally efficient and the physically strong; but the reduction of the species to the dead level of an inane, monotonous and illkempt existence. It is a return to a semi-civilized condition containing all the bad tricks learned in a higher existence—a lovely outlook for the women of the clan.

Will the women stand for it?

Will they stand pat on the herd life, and vote solid for it, or is it to come to pass that the female, "more fearful than the male when she gets started," is to lick "her mate" again into a more comforting frame of mind and a fairer average of political sagacity and home industry? Would a woman vote \$25,000 to show the United Railway how to run its car system and overlook the enormous waste in San Francisco's governmental service?





(Correspondence.)

Cheney 25 July

Messrs—

Dere Frend I get the valve which I by from
you alrite but why for Gods sake you doan sen
me no handle. You doan trete me rite. Is my
money not so good to you as the other fellow
i wate ten daze and my custmer he holler like
hell for water by the valve. You know he is
hot summer now and the wind he no blow the
mill. The valve she got no handle so what the
hell i goan to do. you doan send me the handle
pretty queeck I sen her back. and I goan order
some valve from Kraine companee. good by.

Your frend

Antonia

since i rite theese letter i fine the goddam handle
in the box excuse to me

EDITOR.—This letter was kindly sent to prove to
PHILOPOLIS the necessity for proofreading.



Where is the beauty, love and truth
we seek

But in our minds? and if we were
not weak

Should we be less in deed than in
desire?





December 25
Volume VI
Number 3
1911

A Christmas Query



T this, the season when all give and take with little accent on present or future profits, it would seem fitting to speak again of 1915 and all the year means in success or failure in San Francisco's supreme effort for the celebration of that historic event, the opening of the Panama Canal. At the moment there is a trying pause, almost as irritating to some in outward evidence of impatience as during the other pause when San Franciscans were wont to exclaim: "Put it in any old place!" It is now: "Get a move on!" But, "before the dirt flies," there is a certain



preliminary office to perform which most people view with airy lightness, as if, after all, designs for universal expositions could be ordered off hand at a factory or department store. Or as if the designer only needed to show a draughting board, and presto! the deed is done: "there is quite the latest in cult, quite your style and calculated to bring the world to its knees in adulation."

True, "California Welcomes the World," still in this particular instance, before the feast is set, before the establishment takes shape — even before the dirt flies — there is an idea to be born, an idea, the very heart and soul of the celebration. And while it may be something to suggest the general nature of a fiesta and "win the right" to welcome the world on a venture, this other step, a creation in the imagination and in such terms of art that may be translated through years of travail and anxiety into solids, is far and away the most difficult and uncertain. Man proposes but the Master disposes. Neither the selection of a site nor transportation problems offer any extreme difficulties, else these affairs get mixed up with unrelated and irrelevant personal matters of prejudice, etc. In a question of design prejudice and such are not alone the



source of irritation and "unreasonable delay"; there is the greater interference — the inspiration which does not arrive, the imagination that halts and balks like a mule—art appearing either indolent or impotent.

So it is not at all difficult, under inauspicious stars, for "interested people" to murder "the beast" outright. Patience, then, is the order and progress of the time. The tide, which might in its turning bring back the lost, hurries not for either the asking or for a price. Men's mental creatures are about as leisurely, arbitrary and dominant as the in and out flow of the ocean. A fish has to nibble the angler's bait before he is really busy, in outward evidence. The idea has to come first, even before an artist may play with it. True, in this instance, a whole people, a universal exposition, yes! even a world floats on thin air while the great, dominant scheme is a borning: but what's to do about it? no modern exposition could come to else but catastrophe dire without a supreme idea in art to anchor by.

California could welcome the world with a smiling face and yet her people could be made to feel they had failed — failed woefully. For it so happens in our time that the casket of a universal exposition is second to nothing in it —



or it fails. A due balance — in art — is to be kept between casket and exhibits, or contents; or the exposition ceases to be epochal. Again it needs must come fresh, resting on tradition, but not stale. It can not escape, in this instance, from being of Greek derivation, else it goes with a supreme note of vulgarity and commercialism. Might as well ask an author to create a poem for the celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal in an unknown tongue, in one not as yet invented, as to ask architects and artists to create a "new style" for the Panama Pacific Universal Exposition, or to design one in Oriental fashion or in a manner not reflective of the Greek. As the calf comes home to its mother, so the Occidental eventually returns to his Greek. Even the most ultra-modernist of erudition will tell you that he merely oversteps the vagaries and variations in the branching and leafage of Greek art and seeks the parent trunk. Others deny that the French Academy of Architecture is more than a localism and stride beyond for culture and for a nearer inspection of the art of Greece. Some stop at that curious effulgence called the Gothic, with its infusion of Orientalism; some others group around amidst the scenes of Italian Renaissance, and some, more bold, delve in the



Conquest

Painted by Arthur F. Mathews



Byzantine, or dip straight into fragments of ancient Greece ; so, in the full, broad sense, all wander backward ; and the farther back the voyage the richer the treasure trove. But it is few indeed who can go so far as ancient Greece and keep their heads and feet. The temptation here is to build splendidly without balancing conditions, without regard to changed habits among men, without regard to the prime office of buildings in ordinary.

Exhibition buildings on a large scale offer the least resistance to an adaptation of so-called Greek architecture, or that type in the art which is accepted by the schools as the Greek traditions. Again, the French Academy of Architecture, with its multitudinous experiments in monumental planning, on paper, seems to offer to the unwary almost any solution for a desirable spectacular, or monumental, effect in city and exposition beautification adventures. So one could suppose that any fair minded board of management or people ought to be satisfied with a clever assemblage of materials from one or both of these eminent sources of "inspiration." But it will, perhaps, so happen in this case as with the choice of site ; the management won't swallow just the thing which comes easiest and



most natural. Because Paris did it, because Chicago did it, because St. Louis followed suit and Seattle played the ape on a diminutive scale, is no good reason for California. Therefore the idea, the design, the to be splendid casket that is to hold the world exhibit must come forward as fresh, sweet and clear of sweat shop, factory and "commercial art" as our west winds. Mind! it has not been said it shall or shall not be "Greek"; nor is it "down with tradition, away with the Constitution." All asked is that it come fresh, clearly expressed and articulated, like a good bit of sculpture or a picture comes out of nature—with the sense of life—but not the worst of it, not the most vulgar and obvious phase of it, in suggestion.

More than one artist, I am aware, has fallen prone in his art, either in the supposition that that which is is the all, or that what is is the "has been." And many another has mistaken inarticulated figures—or compositions—as new, original or self-conceived. While there is little that is new, every season has its renewal and every pear tree offers fresh fruits once a year. What is meant by fresh is a propitious season, a fit and suggestive design, a fruit that surpasses the average bearing, is soft to the touch, good to



look upon, velvety and sweet—as one expects from experience—good enough to swallow. In truth, the great, insistent and essential design for the Panama-Pacific Universal Exposition must needs be sufficient to arouse enthusiasm, give expectation wings, and make—not only the people and management of the Fair glad, but also stir prospective exhibitors to action and keep them going—our way. After this one can speak of the ensemble or enclosures of the Exposition as an advertisement to “draw the crowd,” and not be open to conviction as not having risen to the grand occasion.

Men will climb mountains in multitudes for the view, wade in mire for ducks and suffer excruciating discomfort to see a good play. A World's Show draws myriads of people because—not of its location or convenient transportation systems, but because it answers to a myriad of desires—pleasures, if you will. From the Midway to the Fine Arts there is something for each, somewhere; and it has come to pass that one and all expect to be exhilarated, get some desire satisfied out of the setting or enclosures of “the exhibits.” If it happens that this objective is not attained, “the crowd” religiously stays away and leaves “the exhibits” to special



students, declaring they could quite as well see all the show in a department store or in a stroll down a fashionable street, so little does "the educational" idea count among people in general in these times of jaded curiosity hunting.

Heretofore, it would almost seem, the active designers and conductors of "Universal Expositions" have never taken a near view of the interests and comfort of the exhibitor and visitor. If they happened to consider these in the beginning and advocated compactness of arrangement and a course of conduct calculated to save exhibitors needless expense in installation and visitors endless journeys over avenues far too broad for convenience—in search of special exhibits they are chiefly interested—the true position was soon vacated "to get a grandiose and magnificent general effect." As splendid as the World's Columbia Exposition was, as an artistic spectacle it was a woeful, almost dastardly failure to the really interested visitor—the visitor who desired to take advantage of the huge collections under roof. He or she dropped in sheer exhaustion or retired in confusion before "the real mission" was accomplished. It was not all the vast size of the individual "Palaces of Exhibits," nor the vast quantity of stuff gathered



under their roofs, that troubled, but the over ample, hard, hot or wind swept avenues one was forced to travel repeatedly to get any comprehensive understanding of the individual exhibits. Most visitors gave up in despair.

Again, overlarge courts and free space demanded the huge in height of bordering building and sculptured accessories—a condition in turn which encouraged architects to compete unnecessarily in all directions in elaborating their exteriors, to the misery and poverty of interior effect.

In Chicago a net profit came of the systems; for it won recognition as “an epochal event” through this one phase of endeavor in Modern Universal Expositions—it was an artistic achievement in the setting—being little else of the comprehensible. In truth, it filled a long felt want; there was little co-operation between the artists of the country, at the time, and the community: America’s industrial output was anything but satisfactory as a result. Still there was the talent, as this Fair proved, and a more or less understood desire among people in general for better conditions. The Columbia Exposition became a center for demonstrating the possibilities of betterment. It was a chance: it was seized, and it was particularly well favored, insomuch



that the first rough draft of the architectural scheme—by Mr. Root—was promising. Enthusiasm grew around this initial sketch—"a mad dream"—to be wrought in material by enthusiastic artistry only; it grew as ours will grow, provided just the idea suitable for "this epochal affair" is forthcoming at the psychologic moment. Happening otherwise, I fear me San Francisco will have to hire the usual Fair designers and artists and experts. However, at that time, Mr. McKim had no idea he would build a railway station in New York and in enduring material, almost as huge as his "Industrial Arts Palace" and far more beautiful. In other words, no one as yet quite grasped the possibility of a tremendous building era in America. People of foresight only timidly spoke of remodeling great "commercial cities." It needed some such realization of "mad dreams" to give America's artistic desires and her talent the essential courage. Now we are almost too brash!

So San Francisco can not hope to excel in the character of boldness of execution in mere bulk and waste in spacing. She is rather, thrown back on compactness, convenience, perfection of presentation of smaller units (among exhibits) and finer finish in interiors. Finish, then, and beauty



Resignation

Painted by Arthur F. Mathews



of presentation is, perhaps, to be the keynote of California's venture in World's Fairs, and not lavishness.

Industrially and commercially we are to expect the Panama Pacific Exposition to round out, in an epochal sense, as an electric display—not merely a lavish use of electric lights, precisely, or a chateau d'eau illuminated to amuse the children, but a revelation to people in general what science and mechanics are doing with electricity as a means of revolutionizing civilization and “the day's work” among men.

It will or will not show where we stand on the line between the age of steam as a motor power, and the era of utilizing electricity in every direction for the service of humanity. And as the Exposition fulfills or does not fulfill this mission it will mark an epoch in industrial history.

The Panama Canal will wrought its changes; but these are to be a bagatelle associated with those to come through the medium we speak of. And so it will probably come to pass that few “exposition experts” will prove out to be wise guys either as directors of design or as classifiers. In other words, the electric display—our promised epochal event of the Fair—instead of being a colored fountain—will demand first



place among the "palaces." Again, we have in these columns spoken somewhat jestingly of printing ; but printing, to be serious, has become one of the six great industries in America. It demands its own "Palace", so close to the "Educational Palace" that teacher and printer may learn a trite lesson in education and economy by comparing the poverty of output of both with the elaborate systems of one and the beauty and finish of the others tools. School and Printing House might in truth study one another's products in co-relation to their mutual advantage. And nestled close to these there might come the civic or municipal betterment Palace, with a full exposition of all modern experiments in town, village and city improvement, that Californians on the whole won't again run away with the idea that Paris is the soul ideal of municipal charm ; that, there are other people and other cities which have "burdened" themselves with ambitions and deeds in beauty and hygiene.

And near to these or in their middle, a modern business efficiency department might be established in order to demonstrate to the public directly, how school, city and advertising printer only get about fifteen per cent of efficiency out of a possible ninety per cent.



GAIN, in the line of epochal events which come automatically to this Universal Exposition, there is the gas engine and its possibilities. The automobile has arrived in a way through it, and the aeroplane is more than a "mad dream."

Just as electricity has ceased to be a toy, a means of electrifying the crowd by wondrous displays of lights and colored fountains and cascades, has gone into the very body of our activity as a means of progress and production ; so has the individual motor vehicle become a factor in transportation. Our Exposition conductors and designers are at the pain of accounting with the latter, not only as special exhibits—in glass cases—under Palace roofs, but as a part of the machinery of the Fair itself. It would be a pity indeed if no avenues, free to the circulation of automobiles (and the rubber neck wagon) were not provided and disposed in a way not to cross or endanger pedestrians.

An Exposition Universal must needs be abreast of the times as well as retrospective ; and there could be nothing epochal in it else it foreshadowed coming events. And, by the way, our



antiquated Geary street car line, maybe, will be finished in 1915 and we shall have gone through all the passions of a community in possession of a Katzenjamer fright over competition with overhead and underfoot transportation (private) companies. The monorail, gyroscope electric cars and wires, may be ready to install before the Geary trolley is completed. Already our city fathers "are frightened" that a subway might interfere with Geary trolley business.

But this aside, California, as often said, is an ideal State, or empire, for work and electric devices. Its source of hydro-electric power is unlimited and men may work the year around — taking their vacations at propitious moments, instead of having them thrust upon them perforce of overheated or chilling airs. Again, McAdie is responsible for the statement that the fogs which pass over San Francisco contain enough electricity to run the world — the only necessity being to extract it and direct it. Scientists tell us it is only a question of time when "juice" will be generated or gathered direct and directed without wires to every species of motor and human device in production. Be this ultra-enthusiastic outlook as it may be, it's all too certain that California has more sources of electric



supply at hand than most empires. And withal it has the working, productive climate. Now, "all we want is labor to compete with the world in industrialism"? "The Panama Canal will bring them—in hordes"? All well and good from the old point of view. But we stand on a line looking toward 1915 which promises better things than "an increase of labor" and the necessity for an increased class of menials and incompetents. If the universal use of electricity spells a continuing and momentous decrease in use of "fuel" as a means of generating power, it must spell the elimination of manual labor and a relatively increased opportunity for skilled operations. Of course neither inventor nor scientist can foretell just what a people will do with his creations or discoveries. They might take one or the other to bosom and invert its use—use it as a means of winning the unearned increment or pervert it to a baser usage. History is replete with examples of the perversion, by the commonality, of "the labors" of human intelligence. It is full of the struggles of dogs over bones that belong to "neither dog." Indeed, history is a story full of battles over rag babies, bones, the prizes of injustice, the spoils of thieves and the powers to which no party in the fight has any



priority of right, or could use for any better purpose than for the problematic monkey's service.

Consequently when California is pointed out as a favored country and its people as a favored people under the regime of the "new industrialism" in the coming epoch of "electricity and improved systems of production and distribution of earned increments," in the time when "men shall be paid for service," instead of servility, there is a whole car load of reservations behind. In very truth, when the ilk has learned "the tricks" there is every chance that all the inherent blessing of the State and every current of electric energy could well be turned to the basest usages. One prophet of the new epoch sees nothing but the old gags, the old stunts in a gigantic and phantasmagoric continuation of the present. He sights human griffins clumsily flopping in the upper strata, sky scraper with gyroscope to keep things erect, myriads of the human boring like mole, others rushing hither and thither—to nowhere—and intelligence dominated by stupidity. Quoth he: "A man may, in the new era, live a hundred miles from his work."

And such is—some imagination. But why must man live away from "his work?"



However, this is not the peculiar sort of imagination out of which the Panama Pacific Exposition Universal will come, if it ever comes to shape as an epochal event. Further, every man, at this "trying pause" in the realization, must have a dim consciousness that when the supreme idea comes it will not have sprung from a corporation, committee, institution or community; but from an individual, not altogether a common person. And it is for this—as every man must, in a way, know it is as said—that these lines are written. Those of us who have not the peculiar creative power and particular kind of training which gently, or violently, leads to this special conception, should not essay to force a design for this particular event. For, however unique, complete and virtuous such "amateur effort" might be to "the creator," it would undoubtedly tumble on his head in any attempt to express it in "gross material." There are some "mad dreams" of genius that never come true, else they are reduced to the terms of nightmares and things turned topsy turvy.

Mind, it is not said that the rest of us shall not suggest: the point here is, no one shall insist that "his idea" shall be the key of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, regardless of taste, expense,



our feelings and our foresight. In other words, in this Christmas time and on the eve of the season for forswearing bad habits, it would be well for the people of San Francisco to take an oath that they will not again stand for any such Exposition as sprang out of the struggle for a Site. Let a fair game be played to a fair finish.

In the meantime we wait patiently on the architects—and electricity—for the Epochal Exhibition, with a weather eye on folly and “special interests.



Your rich men have now learn'd of
latter days
To admire, commend and come
together
To hear and see a worthy Scholar
speak.
As children do a Peacock's
feather.

--Juvenal



Photograph by FRANCIS BRUGUIERE



January 25
Volume VI
Number 4
1912

A Tantalus Cup



ASSIONATELY men plead for a loosening of The Law's grip ; and millions are the systems created in the attempt to secure equity among individuals and conserve man's better intentions and perpetuate them for the benefit of the present and the unborn generation. But the institutions builded to hold these appear—each in turn—very like the philosopher's toy ; so soon as one is filled with humanity's kindest intentions they escape mysteriously — somewhere at the bottom of things, social and economic. The very passion which orders the lovely household, consumes the edifice, as it were. Temple's light burns out, and



the soul of the clod revolts and his treacherous feet carry him to the Tavern, where there is warm hearth, where companionship hath the noise of hearty reciprocity, at least. And so the rejected stone is the corner stone, and the last comes to the head. And it were curious indeed if the Temple is not become the altar of an Iron Virgin whose lips are kept ruby red by human sacrifices. For humanity, in its orders, seldom readily resigns beloved systems; the entrails of the institution are seldom so compassionate as presumed, and the chaste Maid of Iron hath a clasp, cruel in its mighty power. And all comes thus because the systems, the institutions men create, though not of understanding, are held higher than the individual: their law is counted higher than The Law; the work of the Master is viewed with contempt; the Son of the Master is crucified that men's artifices in all their damned crudities and cruelties may live. It was not Christ; it was not Galileo, nor Savonarola, nor Phidias, nor Socrates, nor the victims of the Iron Virgin, deep in the chambers beneath the Council Hall of the sacred Ten of Venice; nor was it quite the executioners of these; but it was and is the accursed hallucination of some men that the system must be conserved, even if the flower of humanity is



murdered out of hand, that threatens all social orders with dissolution. The powers that be are merely poor, dull, murderous tools, ruthlessly pushed forward to do the services of this curious turn of institutionalism. Such are execrated in history; but the truly execrable engineers are the fallacious ideals common clay clings to for self preservation. At the end Nature forces her obedience; her law is The Law in the ultimate settlement; despite presumption of kindness, the henchmen of the institution are thrown back on "the survival of the fittest." They are the fit: their well-being is dependent upon conserving the all too obviously "fit and right system" which conserves self. And thus it hath come that men boldly assume self-interest to be the mainspring of human advancement; that greediness maketh for progress, and torture their mental and physical being, so the damnable philosophy may appear clean and wholesome. That they are helped gaily along in this pleasant pastime by leechery, treachery, and all the trickery of prostitutes, none should marvel. The system contains everything; the system is truly everything, for it contains the all; the good and the ill are in each; and none but a foolish people turn the stewardship of an estate over to the least effective ele-



ment. For such waste their substance and surplus in clumsiness and defeat Nature in her desire for improvement in the species. The system is for good or ill, then, in accordance with the good or ill engineering it, in concordance with the economic judgment and administrative faculty, nominally at its head ; and nothing but the ripest judgment as to results, the keenest sense of costs and values, and what is worthy of conservation and what is to be essentially counted as waste in all of men's exploitations, can save their cup of grace from being mysteriously drained—somewhere at the bottom of their social activities.

It comes so, that a class, or species, of little economic effectiveness, accumulates poverty as riches gather interest in kind ; and it comes so also that a wealthy family through carelessness loses its patrimony : for The Law is inexorable and knoweth no favor except reciprocity.

To him who hath shall be given ; to him who hath not shall be taken away, to the last penny worth. He who brings no increase to the treasure house, loses self — becomes a wage-slave — or is disenfranchised.





OR, he who planteth and he who watereth are one; and every man shall receive his own reward in accordance with his own labors."

Whatever its presumptive intention, its kindly disposition toward the individual shown in its preambles, no institution is free from the direct charge that all of effort is directed for the defeat of this, The Law. Nothing is nearer an eventuality than that its whole grip on order shall be exercised for the distinct purpose of squeezing those who have for the benefit of those who waste. And thus it happens anarchism finds reason for calling the institution, man's greater curse, and jeers at all. On the other hand a socialism, the direct antithesis, has arisen: claiming, the harder the vice of institutionalism is screwed, the larger its processes are for giving to those who have not, the more beautiful and benevolent the society. These two "strange" philosophies, hideous in popular demonstration, seemingly, are but chimera out of the distant harmonies and discords of social history and chaos. Shrouded as they are in ghastly reminiscences of human exploits and human attempts to conserve, they, dead as they are, sweet as have been some of their dreams,



but revivify all the Maid of Iron's virtues only, and clang like the laboring cogweels of an antiquated engine. Near-socialism, we have named this Siamese-twin of ancient and honorable lineage. Its intemperate halting speech and odd esoteric terminology and phraseology ; its indeterminate and vague isms ; its excoriations of all who have ; its resentment now to all restraint in law, and its now rabid demands for the restraining hand of law on all things, make of it a veritable travesty in sociology and economy. What is Cæsar's is denied ; what is the Master's portion is denied as his due ; only tares grown in the wheat fields are good ; so whatever of sweetness backs this stranger, this atavism, is lost, sucked out its loving cup by the avidity of its unruly passions for the unattainable.

Equity is not a mathematical division of earnings, but a right payment for a right service — a balancing of costs and values — all indeterminate in exact proportion, maybe ; still this in itself is no apology for wholesale taxation and highway robbery. Merely because some obviously have more than is good for them, is no justification for crushing those who have a bare surplus into a dependency, horrid in suggestions of unnatural slavery, for the benefit of those



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who have not and never could have — for long. Because a liberal democracy has failed to lift the clod, is no reason for instituting an illiberal democracy (social-democracy) with a heel of iron and a virginal disposition towards prehistoric cruelty.

Socialists we all are — who are not Near-Socialists — and would fain, in this land of free tongues and a free power press, let the jeering, gibbering procession which loves nothing, cares for nothing, never built anything nor brought sympathy to else but the shoddy shop and slumming, wend its noisy way to the end of the rainbow, where its recompense is ready — the good old Samurai custom of harra-harri.

Upon a time an emigrant came to a country to get the "big head," as he expressed himself amidst a bit of flowery and indeterminable literature. "These cruel people," quoth he, "although pretending to secure men's happiness, leaving them free to pursue their heart's desires, deny me, one who asks little at their hands, the big head I wish." Deluded wretch! the "big head" he had — on his shoulders — only he knew it not. He was obsessed by it, and knew it not.

And so, be it known, but few there are who know their reward, the right wage they receive for their



earnest and laborious services, when receiving it freely and generously, penny for penny, pound for pound. And 'tis this that impells the over rewarded to complain of the hard master, and prompts the truly ill paid to silently accept their pittance; for these latter know well that even small wages may be honestly increased, and that the all too obvious smallness of their profits protects them from the avidity of both the institution and the jeering crowd. Such poor man's philosophy, the consolation of those, in all circumstances inherently wealthy, is of course poor fodder for leechery, trickery and sycophancy. None of the baubles of notoriety and institutional power go with these—except when the loving cup of society goes dry—but that's another true tale. Between the horrors of ennui and the gutter there is little of distinction. Prostitution spoils beauty either in poverty or in the palace—another side question. Exploitation, therefore, hath two stories, quite as hath conservation. All men, saith the wise, shall exploit the powers of men and mother earth. Aye! and 'tis a coward indeed who fears an exploit or exploitation. Be it known there is no conservist like the savage; that there is no exclusiveness equaling his, nor any more bitter resentment of interfer-



ences with his ancient and honorable customs than his. Quite as the ape, knowing no worse or more murderous missile, threw cocoanuts at Adam's head in driving him into exclusive club life, the savage exercises his great licenses by eating missionaries and sailors—thus excluding them from enjoyment of sunlight and air. Fallacious, then, are all men's attempts to bring men to brotherhood, else there are cocoanut handy, an Iron Virgin or a state machine for driving "the undesirable" hence.



TURN back a half century and public men in their utterances seem to look forward with all confidence that human rights are at last secured in the pure Constitution. Slavery as an institution recognized by the people is dead ; dogmatic disposition is made harmless ; a Republic has shown its gratitude in a huge war pension list ; the intelligent direction of government is secured in a vast public educational system ; the nation is rich in material resources and its workers secure behind a Chinese tariff wall ; all future is open in equity before the law, and a people appear ready to lie down with its lions. But today



nothing appears secured and Near-Socialists are confident, nothing is safe excepting within their pure ideals. Dogmaticism, then, is not made harmless, and runs riot over the pure Constitution. It does so because behind all those old foibles there was The Law. Coolly and persistently The Law worked out its system of pensions, wages, profits and privileges. The pompous gentlemen of yesterday—each in his dogmatic way—promised the unattainable; just as our latter day progressionists promise theirs, quite oblivious to the immutable fact that man proposes and the Master disposes, else an institution is devised with iron jaws and uncompassionate entrails. It is thuswise only that men's artificial means of staying the operations of the supreme law of wages may be made effective, and "an extraordinarily licensed class maintained in supremacy." Otherwise society is an arrangement on widely differentiating planes, constantly fluttering and crossing one another. Nothing in such a state could come more natural than a revival of the old savage instinct for perfect autonomy in a well-being family, and the perpetuation of it in a closed circle within the Greater Family; but this can not be done except through the collusion of the State. Behind all modern



socialism, despite declarations to the contrary, this desire is the strongest in evidence; but it is to be a close corporation of the common man — drawing all others, all exceptions, within its vice-like grip; and humbling or enslaving them for the benefit of the common corporation. And those queerly divided forces, whimsically called Capital and Labor, are to be made thusly into one indivisible and unchanging entity. The whole philosophy, in obvious terms, is so crude, unscientific and barefaced in its oligarchic tendencies, one marvels that editors give it such wide publicity and space. One literary person has missed its gist and jest so far afield that he places most popular phases in a class with individualism: so herein the more staple classification, which places one as the opposite of the other, is held — regardless of the obvious fact that most socialistic proselytes are savagely individualistic, bordering on anarchism. In truth, in its make-up as a party, socialism in America, is like progressivism among us, is a party of strongly opposing atoms within self, and therefore, like labor unionism, thrives best before opposition from without. As a principle in public duty and the responsibility of individuals towards the common, socialism is not so different



from our "institutions." It is rather the tendency of its high priests towards excessive emotionalism, dogmatism and morbid freaks of imagination, rather than towards avowed purpose and preambles of public education, that make of the religion — for religion it is — a danger cult. The false priests and scribes use the limp, enervated "proselytes" of it to further their own selfish ambitions. Where the Great State is an ecstatic vision of an over wrought mentality among socialists, the Great State among the Near-Socialists is one within reach — if the other fellow can be tripped, Dynamite is legitimate if the boycott and political usurpation fail of realizing the objective.

Again, a quite healthful inclination for industrial betterment is apt to go far astray, under the socialistic influence, for it is purely a literary cult backed by no experience in the vast work-a-day world. So a perfectly sound theory in common economy and morality exhausts itself in literary pyrotechnics or derides vilely in philipics. A pamphlet just addressed to the President of these United States of America, in a maze of literary foibles, quite inadvertently exposes all such hysterical and exoteric exercises. It starts in wrong. Workmen are not alone in "suspicion



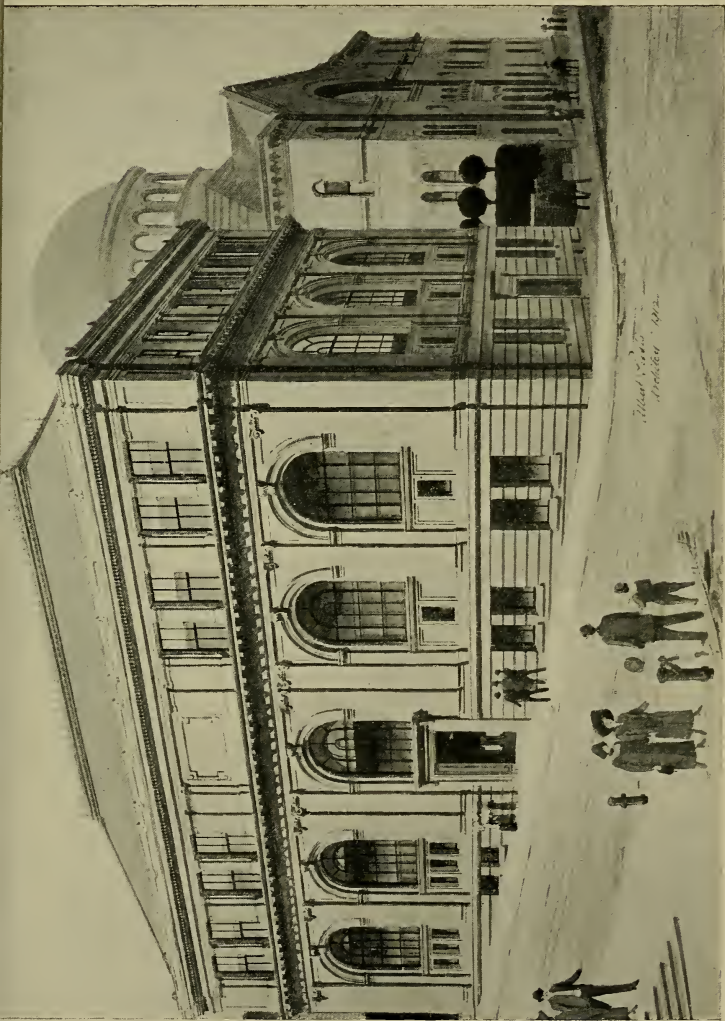
of law." Every man is more or less suspicious there is a cause behind all legislative enactment other than the pretext, that there is a license sought somewhere under cover and an attempt to destroy inherent privilege, behind each ; just as some very good citizens resent certain infractions of the organic law by "secret service men and inspectors." Still this is not like the resentment of strikers when enjoined by courts, etc., from forcing their demands. It is a horse of another color. Again, the sweat and shoddy shop interests, of either employer or helper, are not American workmen's interests. In truth these are not the least of American worker's troubles, as the purely mercenary attitude of the shoddy worker is far more inimical to Americanism than either the Trust or so-called Capitalism. So while labor unionism (with all it means in boycott, petty shop rules, restrictions on active workers, etc.) may not, without dynamite and special legislation, be able to dominate the labor market and arbitrarily fix wages, every American knows his organization can regulate for betterment by increasing the individual effectiveness of the same. The other is foreign to skilled workers' ideals, born of mercenary commercialism, and contrary to our attitude in industry and life itself. So are arbitrary



eight hour laws and unqualified apprenticeship laws and child labor laws ; and therefore opposition to all such legislation "from unexpected sources."

Again, American citizens have enough and a plenty of unqualified interferences on the part of unqualified commissions with every line of industry. And again they no longer are amused at seeing foreigners — of very recent citizenship — sitting in courts of justice and in our legislatures, fighting the fundamental principle of self-government, freedom of contract, etc. The spectacle is not nice. They do not like to have such publicly declare they do not need either the sympathy or support of "the dear American people." All this makes them feel as if, after all, the whole gang were merely mercenary, and fought, not for betterment, but to get the limit of profit out of America, and retire to Europe to enjoy the fruits of despoliation — like an ex-boss of New York city. Americanism, before all, among citizens either of native or foreign birth, stands for self-government, individual independence, or it stands for slavery — public ownership.





Library for Lane Hospital

ALBERT PISSIS, Architect



EXCEPTING the Master build the house, they labor in vain who would build," spake Solomon: and so, when he builded the Temple, he brought from Tyre a man skilled in working gold and brass, timber and stone, purple and fine linen, fitting and graving, for why should he build a house for the Master only to burn incense in. Men have built even more mightily than Solomon, and labored with the house and in their huge industrial monuments ; forests of fine wood have been despoiled, the mine exhausted of gems, precious stones and metals ; every care has been given to the making of tools ; millions are the men brought from stranger lands to labor and devise ; and yet, on them there is no finger print of the Master, in brass, in timber, in stone. What shall we say for these ? Are they fit to burn incense in ?

I built me cities and country houses and shelters for my beasts of burden ; and I planted me vineyards and sowed the fields with good seed, said one, and all was vanity : the vines withered, the good seed rotted in the earth, and my houses covered prostitution, and the beasts of burden were slothful — all was vanity ! And what shall be said of him ?



Industry without Art—industry, as Ruskin meant, without the Lord's hand in it; without qualification of cost or value; without skill or desire beyond a day's profit is brutal and brutalizing—a vain show of force and no better than pugilism or war.

And so it comes sometimes that the butterfly of fashion buildeth better than she knows, and both pedagogues and priests often build ruinously and vainly, in labor and wickedness. For those who scorn beautiful workmanship, mistaking such for vanity show, give to their flocks only irksome drudgery with which to busy the hands and heads. And it comes thus there is no hope, "no hope, no fear" in any crime. A brutal industry then may lead to more excess, more sloth, deadlier ennui and criminal practice than the necessities of poverty or a naturally deficient mentality could suggest. Indolence is merely a bad habit or a disease or is merely the effect of pride ground in a caste—passing from father to son as an inheritance of wrong thinking. A savage scorns any sort of occupation as beneath his dignity as a warrior or man. His women do the work. A certain type of literature has kept this curious barbarism alive even unto our day. So men are found doing common drudgery—thought nice—



far beneath their mental and physical power. But it were not quite justified at this particular period to condemn all these out of mouth, as a Near-Socialist condemns all riches, for there is another story back of modern life other than false pride, shoddyism, lingering savagery and degenerate aristocracy—and the mimics of these.

Industry is a beautiful thing, if there is a desire, ever so faint, in its midst, for a better condition than the prevailing one. We can stand for "prison literature," tolerate it, if the busy maker shows an inclination to respect his public. The monkey who rolled a log up and down the road, because a man did so, we smile indulgently upon; for, bless him! he knows no better. But when full fledged men take to the brutal part of industriously running from one place to another, pushing coal to no purpose, boring holes through the mountains to save time they have no use for, and inventing devices to make things they never look at, such is but mimicry of workers; and no sense of the humor of it comes.

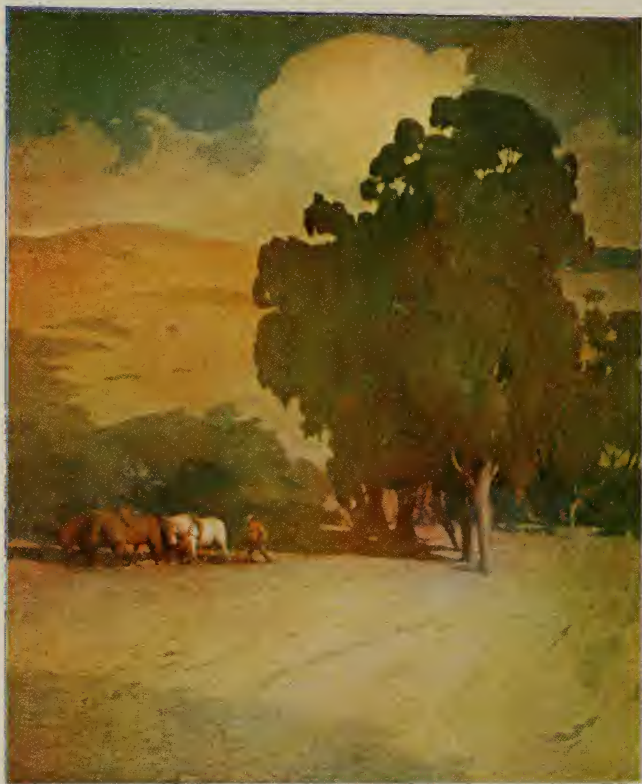
Art, then, in its true meaning, is humanity, a step beyond the beehive, a move from the ant heap and the cave dweller. So what comes to each of us in the day's work is either a part of a beautiful whole—the packed sand under house



foundations, a bit of the wall or the color or the graven design, on its surface, or otherwise, the labor, if there is any, is brutal, horrid to contemplate and a reversion to the ape life without its freedom. Socialism so far, has said so much, without knowing ; but this religion, like all others, and it surely is a religion, has gone further. That is why some dislike it. And there are others who detest this house because on it there is no Master touch, no comprehension of a differentiation of mankind into laborers and operators. So over it all there is the pall of sloth, the savage instinct to perpetuate, conserve what is, regardless. There is no courage of exploitation, no Master stroke on its surface ; but 'tis saturated indeed with the desire to do beautifully without inherent courage to strive against pain—to rise above pain. So it rebuilds the old, worn institutes industriously, brutally, thinking, striving again to avoiding the Master's Law—the survival of the fittest—how to circumvent it? And as such it is well named—inadvertently in that remarkable address to the President—the philosophy of the wage slave, “the economic disenfranchised.” God speed it, and may this Tantalus Cup, this philosopher's toy, hold its milk of human kindness better than the same has in the ages gone—under the guillotine and the Maid of Iron.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise ;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should
 be gone
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

— Horace



The Grain

Painted by ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



February 25

Volume VI

Number 5

1912

HUMAN PROGRESS

BY HON. OSCAR LOVELL SHAFTER

*Read before the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Slope, at the
College Hall of the College of California,
on Wednesday, June 7, 1866.*



THE present age is often spoken of as an age of inquiry ; but it is not that exactly which distinguishes it. The human mind is ever active. Torpor was not the trouble with it in the middle ages. There were as many questions asked and answered then as now. Curiosity was never more eager, nor the din of controversy louder, nor were conclusions ever more multiplied. Though relatively dark, those ages were not dead. Let the questions which then engaged the attention, not only of the leaders of opinion,



but of the masses, be formally stated, and the number of accredited solutions also, and it will appear by count, that in the matter of knockings and apparent openings thereunto, the present age is beaten at its own game. There were geologists before Werner, astronomers before Galileo or Copernicus, geographers before Cellarius, theologians before Martin Luther, writers upon the great problems of society and government before Grotius and Puffendorf, mental philosophers before Locke, and dogmatists upon the subject of investigation before Bacon determined its laws. Instructed or uninstructed, in the darkness as in the light, the human mind has ever asserted its divinity through the great office of thought.

Though inquiry is more active now than it was in the middle ages, still the objects to which it now addresses itself, are widely different, and the methods of investigation are diverse altogether. The new direction given to inquiry may be regarded as the objective point of the change, but its cause is to be found mainly in the method by which investigation has in modern times been conducted, and in the recognition of a new tribunal, clothed with the power and affected with all the responsibilities of judgment in the last resort.



The mediæval method was the dogmatic. It was short and to the purpose. The facts of consciousness, the testimony of the senses, the voices of the affections, reason, experiment, observation, experience, general principles, the truth of which had been established by normal methods in earlier times, all went for naught. If even known as sources from which information could be derived, they were never consulted. They were all alike under ban. The accredited dogmas were regarded as axioms, the truth of which no one was permitted to dispute under pains temporal and eternal. Though there was controversy, as has been remarked already, it was confined to the true meaning of the dogmatic statements. When a new point arose which no existing statement exactly fitted, a new one was deduced from doctrines previously settled. And so the process went on — one assumption breeding another — to infinity.

This method of getting at truth was not confined to any one department of inquiry, but was extended over the whole field of investigation. The result, as might have been foreseen, was a series of false judgments, followed by fatalities proportioned to the magnitude of the question which the false judgments involved. There was



no science, no philosophy — moral, intellectual, natural, or social — none but the art of endless wrangling according to Aristotle; no form of temporal authority or influence, either popular or dynastic, free from the debasements of ecclesiastical supremacy. The idea of law or established order in the procession of events, was unknown or ruled down. Everything was treated as exceptional, nothing as universal, save theology — and the vicegerency through which it aimed at the dominion of the world.

And how did this estate use the power which it had acquired on no better authority than that of dogmatic interpretation? Having driven the reason from its appointed watch, it peopled the universe with chimeras. It secured for ages the degradation of labor by holding that it was a curse from the beginning and not a merciful judgment in disguise. By mistaken interpretation it set the form and history of the earth awry, and disordered outright the mechanism of the heavens.

But these conclusions were connected with others different in character and of larger range. From a dogmatized exigesis of the witch of Endor, came sorcery. Though an entire illusion, it was attended with all and perhaps more than all the



consequences that would have followed it had it been a reality. The result of false method in the first instance, the false judgment was defended and kept on foot by like method for more than a thousand years of human history — filling it with every form and degree of crime, misery and shame. The lawgiver walked in its shadow, and judgment wallowed in its mire and domestic and social life withered in its spell.

The ghastly delusion survived the reformation. For more than two centuries thereafter the history of Protestant Europe was but a continuation of the mediæval chapter. The delusion crossed the Atlantic in the Mayflower — not as freight in the hold but as a passenger in the cabin, and found a delusion like itself and of like dogmatic mould, dwelling in the wigwam of the savage. For the better part of a century thereafter colonial life, in one of its aspects, proceeded on the barbaric level.

But there was another dogmatized delusion which prevailed in the middle ages of like character with that just mentioned though of larger proportions. I allude to satanic agency. It was one of the leading misjudgments of the times, and of all the most controlling and disastrous. It was the most comprehensive. It cast the



largest shadow. Practically there was nothing back of it that could become the subject of thought or speculation — nothing but vacuity.

The misjudgment was so generic that in a purely syllogistic age all manner of deductions were sure to be drawn from it, whether for ends avowedly religious or humane, or for the lust of gain, or power, or for the gratification of malignity in pursuit of a single victim or a hecatomb.

This delusion related to no less a question than the present acting sovereignty of the universe. By a decree as full, as precise, and as inflexible as any ever entered in a court of record, that sovereignty was more than divided. There was no appeal. Nor was there indeed any disposition to appeal. The decree accorded with the intellectual condition of the times.

The dogma was received, not speculatively, but as a real presence, and the heads and hearts and hands of men were at once set to work to find out and to give to it the utmost farthing of its argumentative dues. The harvest of consequences soon began to be gathered, and the field ever stirred by dogmatic culture continued to yield more and yet more bountiful returns for forty generations.

To the agency in question was assigned the



The Soil

Painted by ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



current administration of the physical and moral universe. Eruption, earthquakes, adverse winds, storms, plagues, pestilence, famine, disease at large, times and seasons, everything in short, that was considered abnormal, was attributed to it. Insanity was by diabolical possession. Every distemper of the passions was by present diabolical incitement; and so was private judgment and the individual conscience its fast ally, whenever they rose in revolt, or sought to test their common chain by going behind the dogmatic heats in which it was welded.

Over against this hostile jurisdiction, however, and constituting its counterpoise, was set another—the vicegerency. The first was supernatural, in presence and malignity, and for all present purposes was considered as moving and reigning in its own right. The vicegerency was filled with beings of mortal mould, but they were endowed with supernatural wisdom and power by a dogmatized commission, and represented the Deity in all the interests of the world which he had created. Both the poise and the counterpoise came of the same method of determining what is and what is not, and were alike necessary to each other. The wrath of man has been directed in the main at the vicegerency, and there the rule



has been to lay on and spare not. But the ineradicable instinct of our nature after balance is such that human scorn might as well have been directed against the assumption which made that vicegerency a necessity in order that the world might be saved from present anarchy, or from destruction rather before anarchy could begin.

From the two installations named came first and last, everything by which mediæval history is most distinguished. The story may be made to fill a volume or it may be told in a word. The human understanding and conscience were laid aside. The silver cords that connected the human and divine, were loosed ; the golden bowls broken ; and the wheels at the cistern stood still. During the night which followed there was no industrial progress for the harvesters were put on a false issue. There was neither discovery nor invention — the spirit of both died out in the face of the holding that both came of intercourse with the fiend. The lever of Archimedes was broken and the golden fleece of Jason forgotten. Had the geometrician or the ancient mariner been within reach, the one would have been burned with his lever — certainly if compound — and the other, wrapped in his commercial spoil. As for the Argo she might have been



sequestered to the "pious uses." The great lines of philosophic thought started by the old immortals broke down, for they were of the pit to which they led. Literature was in its grave. Law awaited its resurrection in the charnel of Amalfi. The new commandment given by the Redeemer unto men was wounded about with patristic glosses and buried alive with an ecclesiastical canon for its headstone. All conception of the beautiful as distinguished from the sublime and terrible, was lost. Dante, of the thirteenth century, was the first poet of our era whose name has become deservedly historical; and his great genius could find expression only in the wailings of the *Inferno*. In music there was no mean between the exaltations of the *Laudamus* and the despair of the *Miserere*. Architecture was patterned after the groves of the Druidical worship, and painting drew its inspiration from the catacombs. No human authority was recognized save the divine right of kings—no supremacy but the Hierarchy. The physician was a poisoner if the patient died, a necromancer if he lived—and the plague walked in darkness and wasted at noonday. Cities and whole provinces were periodically depopulated. The prescribed cure by means of relics, pilgrimages to holy wells and



shrines, though always used, always failed. The only recognized remedy for insanity was exorcism, the only one found was death. The religious ideal was asceticism—with its wonderful self-sacrifice, and its long breathed pardlike malignity; its sense of sin which no penance could allay, strangely coupled with an insensibility to right and wrong which no appeal could arouse; and to this may be added its infatuation in saving men by a method which crushed and destroyed them. Temporal justice was by ordeal, spiritual justice was by interdict, *auto da fe*, assasination as in the case of Henry of Navarre, or massacre like that of St. Bartholomew.

The gospel was propagated abroad and lost ground was recovered at home, by crusade—the retreats of the Albigenses, and the holiest of the holy mountains, were both carried by assault. Though the Hierarchy succeeded to some extent in restraining the lawlessness of the times by dint of its dogmatic ascendancy, still every victory gained over the passions of others seemed but to intensify those peculiarly its own.

But time moved apace. Fortunately there was no vicegerency in fact; nor was there, in fact, any such thing as satanic agency in the sense in



which the phrase was used. There was God on the one hand and man on the other, and between them unchangeable law—connecting them as with golden wires. The winds were in the hollow of His hand, and the waves obeyed Him alone. Seed-time and harvest were His. The pestilence came of a violation of what He had appointed, Labor was not a degradation, but a condition on which the waste places were to be made smooth and the wilderness to bloom and blossom like the rose. A condition, also, of all intellectual and moral excellence, including in its highest range that striving even by which alone the straight gate can be entered. Neither invention nor discovery were what they were taken to be. They were divine gifts, and not preternatural crimes. Nor was private judgment, or its synonym the human reason, what it had the credit of being. Nor was the human conscience. Their respective jurisdictions had been misapprehended. Their relations to each other, and the normal methods of each had been mistaken—and so as to their tenacity of life and their undying self-assertion. It had been assumed that the human head was made only to nod assents and shake negatives—guiding the conscience correctly when the dictated conclusion happened to



be right and assuredly misguiding it when it happened to be wrong.

The great trouble was that the reason, the conscience, the appetites, the passions, the æsthetic nature of man and the sentiments, were all cast in dogmatic jumble — and from out it came the vicegerency and the fiend — twin Pythons from the mud. The classic dragon fell by the arrow of Apollo, the day after the God was born, and if modern civilization had finished its exorcism of the others earlier in its own great day, it would by so much the more have been a blessing and a glory to mankind. But it was not so to be. The fiend with whom St. Anthony struggled in the desert was the false presence with which the Scotch covenanter fought the fight of a yielding faith in the Highland cavern after dealing the blow of grace at the Archbishop of St. Andrews ; and the one whose tempting whispers, to use the language of another, "Haunted the life of the puritan when away from the council-board, or off the field of battle."

But the middle ages, bad as they were, were not altogether waste. The reason shut off on all the great lines of investigation, busied itself on shorter ones which authority failed to cover. Fatal security ! As though the short ones did



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not lead into the long ones ! On the lower levels of thought, however, the understanding was left to go in and out according to its own laws. From like narrow pastures the conscience was not altogether excluded, and thus to a limited extent it was enabled to keep its true relations to the reason and the life. Nor did the soul of man fail entirely of its appointed inspiration. It held on to its ideals and brooded over them though in abnormal mood.

The sentiments remained ; the pity whose fate it is to bleed, the charity which cannot weary, the human sympathy that cannot die, and the aspirations which at once link and direct Man to the Creator. The Sermon on the Mount was not forgotten, though by dogmatic adjustments it became greatly cramped and perverted. Nor did the spirit of Him by whom that sermon was preached and lived die out entirely. The age in short had in it many of the ante-pasts of the present, as the present has of the highest good that is yet to come. Happy it is for the world that it is so difficult to destroy it ! However hard it may be to elevate man it is harder still to degrade him. Take him at the middle distance — the halfway house between the extremes of lowest heathenism and the highest Christian civiliza-



tion, or halfway or anywhere near halfway between the unquestioning slave and the instructed and balanced freeman, and the smallest fraction of the power necessary to return him to the earth, would raise him to the skies ; in the one case the attempt would set the universe ajar, while in the other it would run with all the harmonies of God.

But passing from mediæval times to our own. They are out of joint. Be it so. Still there never have been times so sound in the bone, or whose articulations were so perfect as ours. We are conscious of movement, and from the results which have thus far been reached, we have come not only to believe, but to know that the movement is a forward one.

I do not propose to speak at length concerning the character of this movement. Its results have engaged the attention of economists, moralists, statesmen and philosophers ; and they have been studied and pored over by all, not as detached or disconnected events, but as a series, with a view to determine their causes and law. The movement has already made large contributions to general history and the end is not yet. The last of its volumes has neither been written nor acted. Differing to a degree from the ancient



civilizations, and from the mediæval, men have thought it worth their while, and have even found it necessary to distinguish it by a name.

The movement is vast in its proportions. There is no human interest which it does not affect, and none of which it is not slowly but surely taking control. Its tendencies so far as they have been developed, give assurance not merely of that nearer future which when it shall have transpired will have only doubled the distance back to Eden, but of that future at the end of whose unmeasured reach lies all of earthly weal that man was created to enjoy.

This movement has so far been followed by every form of material good. Human life has been prolonged and multiplied by unwonted bread. The standard of physical comfort was never so high nor its enjoyment so widely diffused as now. The vine and the fig tree of hoariest tradition are growing to fulfillment.

On the field of the ideas the assumptions of the middle ages have been unsparingly overhauled and most of them have either been exploded outright, or greatly modified; and other conclusions, the peculiar product of modern thought, have been established in their stead. Throughout the physical universe, the demon-



strations of science have supplanted the vagaries of men. Moreover, scientific conclusions have widened largely into moral ones, and moral ones on all the lines of divergence into those that are divine. As matters now stand, we have scripture penetrating and eradicating scripture. Revelation appealing to consciousness, and both sense and consciousness unitedly soliciting revelation. Testimony seeking alliance with testimony, text and context striking hands, light everywhere uniting and blending with light. Facts broadening into great political, moral and religious conclusions; party broadening into country and country into mankind. These and like conceptions leading on to another, broader and higher than they — not chance, nor fate, nor decree, nor the fitfulness and inconsistency of human will, but to the sublime conception of universal law, with nothing beyond but the supreme intelligence that created it, and through which that intelligence rules and reigns.

Nor have these great conclusions of modern times been unattended with practical consequences. Everything that distinguishes modern civilization in the overt from the mediæval in the overt comes of them. The great industries of the age come of them. A great nation has built



upon them, and, by the illustrations of its wonderful history, is at once mastering the fears and the reluctance of mankind. Other nations are gradually shifting from off their traditional bases on to them. Nor has the conception of a universal intelligence among the people, one of the grandest of the generalizations referred to, been allowed to rest in idea. Vast educational systems have been established, and are kept running by social power to meet the ends of social necessity; and the intelligence so secured has stood with us, to all the conclusions of peace and war. The doctrine of human brotherhood, no more clearly borne out by revelation than by all the evidence bearing upon the question, more than begins to receive its dues. Of all the forms in which evil has organized itself there is but one which has afflicted our history — and that will afflict us no more. Slavery having lived the life of the Saurian, has died the death of the Saurian at last, and now lies buried in the formation to which it belongs. Hereafter the war upon social interests must, with us, be predatory and guerilla. Evil thrown upon its resources is one thing; intrenched in Constitution and laws it is quite another. In the one case it is as Cain without his protecting mask, in the other it is Titan armed.



We all see and acknowledge the historic change upon which I have been remarking, and it is but natural that we should desire to find out not merely its antecedents but its cause. What is it then that really bridges the chasm between the present and the mediæval? My own views upon the subject have probably been sufficiently indicated already, but I will venture to proceed with the question nevertheless. The point is essentially an historical one, and it is in that bearing only that I propose to discuss it.

(Concluded in March number.)



Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.

—Emerson





March 25

Volume VI

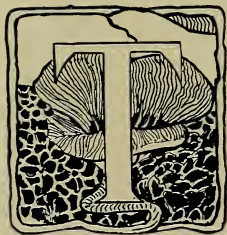
Number 6

1912

HUMAN PROGRESS

BY HON. OSCAR LOVELL SHAFTER

(Concluded)



HE cause is not to be found primarily in the sentiments, nor in any part of the emotional nature of man. It was from the unregulated or badly regulated sentient nature that most of the evils with which the middle ages were afflicted proceeded. Going no farther back than the age of the puritans: there was never a style of men more conscientious than they. Historians, neither descended from them nor in sympathy with them, are agreed that they are conscientious and God fearing. Nor were they unlearned. Few were the fields of thought which they had not visited, and from which they had not returned bearing



sheaves. Their granaries were full. Nor did they lack dialectic skill. They knew the arrow of the Parthian warfare and could fire it from the saddle. The sling they knew and all the cunning that lies in fence. But these were more for holiday use. For serious work the weapons most familiar to their handling were the axe, the spear and the mace heavily loaded and knotted. Yes! they understood the use of weapons well enough. The best of modern Knights Errant who living in their day had challenged any of their men of mould to a trial of conclusions, expecting to win by dint of superior skill, would have found out most likely before he got through that he had mistaken his man. The earlier reformers were also conscientious men. They stood apart. They were not distracted like the clergy of today with many things. Childhood then did not go to Sabbath school, nor did it worry with picnics. Nor did charity make them the almoners of its bounty, nor did education make them the drudges of its systems. Samaritanism had not half secularized them. Nor in seasons of natural peril did they go to the front with the first levies — nor with the three hundred thousand more, and, forgetful of the proprieties of sacerdotal service, stand between the living



and the dead in the hell of battle. Much less were they moved to put their names in advance on the roll of the Landstrum and patiently await the hour when national despair should summon its age and all that should be left of its youth and manhood for a last struggle. Their wills were rarely noncupative. Their lives indeed were distinguished and select. They were troubled, but it was mostly with controversy. They breathed the pure, thin atmosphere of polemical distinctions, and their consciences became both tender and tough by patient waiting upon the conclusions of sound doctrine. According to an accredited biography of one of the most distinguished of them, "the disinterestedness was rare. He had no other wish than to establish the opinions which he believed to be correct," He was a persecutor, however, to the death, and relentlessly inflicted the martyrdom he was always prepared to suffer. What was the deep-seated trouble with him? It was not the "wish" spoken of by his biographer, for like the kindred wish of St. Dominic and Torquemada, it was entertained in the interests of mercy and love. The wish was of course antedated by the opinions to which it related. The formation of his opinions was, or ought to have been, a purely intellectual process.



When that process was completed, the reason certified the conclusion over to the conscience which up to that time had lain *couchant*, and the conscience gave its answering assurance that it would be morally wrong if he failed to stand by it and propagate it. Before the fires could be kindled, however, there was another judgment to be matured in the mind of the thinker. It related to a question of power, How far can I go in making my opinions the opinions of others? Must I confine myself to teaching and argument, or failing that, may I bring the thing to the conclusion of violence? The problem was for the brain and it solved it. The solution was erroneous, but the error was not of the heart but of the head acting in false method—or on wrong conditions of judgment, which comes to the same thing.

The change in question has been referred to the Reformation, but that is not ultimate. It has been ascribed in part to the printing press and the invention of gunpowder; but copy comes before types, and gunpowder cannot be exploded before it has been made. Again, the cause of this change has been found in the revival of learning. But occasion must not be taken for cause. What induced the revival of learning, and,



when revived, saved it from hierarchal and dynastic direction, and made it subservient to mankind? Why did this revival become the herald of a new day, rather than another voice added to the night?

Nor can the change be ascribed to the passions. The theory is the ultramontane one. But the passions had little to do in determining the character of the middle ages except as their benighted leader called out to them from the front, they sending out their answering bay from the rear. They were the dogs of the war, but they did not lead it. The leader and the led made wild work between them, but the responsibility was not altogether nor chiefly with the hounds; and who that considers that history is made, primarily by ideas will doubt it?

The process by which the great revolution was affected was an intellectual one — sanctioned and aided by the sentiments.

There is an apprehension that makes man like a God. It comes of the reason. Though fallible there is nothing below omniscience less so than itself. The office of the reason is to distinguish between truth and falsehood; and in the light of evidence which it can appreciate, to determine what is. The *Scio* remains to it alone. Every-



thing that relates to source, process, weight, result, belongs to it by appointment. It stands in the great office of judgment. Its absence is idiocy, its dethronement insanity. Humanity in the beastliness of appetite is the one case, in the other humanity walking and raving in illusion. The natural enemies of the reason are the appetites and passions; but they are so only when in excess. It is the office of the reason to restrain them, and to oppose its conclusions to their clamors when raised in the councils of the will. To that service it is impelled by its own instincts, the monitions of the conscience, the aspirations, and to some extent by the very passions between which and itself the issue is joined.

All things are of God, but under Him the credit of the great revolution is due primarily to the reason. It turned its attention in the first place to the question of its own rights and lawful jurisdiction; and going back of the holding that it had neither the one nor the other, it reversed the dogma, and established the right of private judgment in its stead. This result was reached by a process that had no trace of dogmatism about it, and therein lies the only assurance that it will never be reversed. It was based upon the consciousness, upon inductions drawn from indi-



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vidual and general experience, and upon scripture, the authenticity of which was wrought out by means of evidence that commended itself to the understanding. The reason having thus broken its own chain, acting, as at first, on its own instincts and under the incitement of the sentiments, proceeded to settle accounts with its oppressors. It attacked the vicegerency in its intrenchments, and badly breached, if it failed to carry and destroy them. Ever strengthened by scientific discovery, it attacked the doctrine of satanic agency, and sorcery its offshoot, and in the ripeness of its own councils it adjudged them to be mummeries, and there that matter ended. But I do not propose to go over the roll of the decisive battles won by the reason in its prolonged struggle for recognition as the leading crowning faculty of the soul. It is enough to say that as all things peculiar to the middle ages came of wrong judgments, resulting mainly from false method, so all things that distinguished modern times comes of their reversal by the reason, and of right judgments reached by it through right methods and entered up by it for the use of mankind. It is, however, sufficiently exact, and would perhaps on the whole be quite as just, to say that modern civilization comes, under God,



of the soul in the free council of all its powers, the reason presiding. It would be but a change rung upon the idea to say that it came of the human mind in balance—or of manhood, not fully restored, to be sure, but still in the process of being restored to its center. Or of the whole man; whole in thinking and in feeling; thinking and feeling in right order, and so reaching the result of right action in matters relating to policy, to morals, to religion and to mankind. God is no more in the present than He was in the middle ages. He knows no change. Christianity encounters no rival religious system now, and it was impeded by none then. The only new force in the field, is the human reason acting in intelligent alliance with the system by which it was once discredited and disowned.

The view has been presented as to the primordial cause of the differences between the present age and the mediæval is not new—if it had been it probably would not have engaged attention on this occasion. Though within the last few years the argument in favor of the exposition has been better marshalled and more fully illustrated than it ever had been before, yet it was long since accepted as the true solution of the greatest of historical problems. In this country the theory, if



it has not won universal credence, has received the assent at least of the general judgment. The evidence of this is multiform, but there is one fact which is in itself decisive. With us all organized procedures, whether governmental or voluntary, looking to individual or social advancement, are based upon it. The *Scio* is everywhere brought to the front; not for one purpose but for all purposes; not in one connection alone, but in all connections. The relations of the intellect — enlightened and trained to the exercise of its powers in right method — to the heart and to the life of man, and to the growth and development of nations, have come to be understood and acknowledged. Dogmatisms have very generally gone to the rear, and, to some extent, have even become confused with the baggage — and it must be confessed that the baggage has not always been very vigilantly guarded. No one now admits that he proposes or wishes to excite a zeal not according to knowledge. It will be understood, I trust, that the term *knowledge* is used here in no narrow sense, but as comprehending everything that is, and as excluding nothing except that which is not; and it is entirely manifest that in this nation, taking it as a whole, an unproved dogma, no matter what may be the subject to



which it relates, is not counted upon as being any part of its working or available knowledge. Now and then, to be sure, an individual dulls the edge of his own husbandry by a short dogmatic run. The mere politician, indeed, takes a longer run than there is any apology for. Standing on the last platform of his party he proclaims continually that — there is nothing like plank. He does not seem to reflect that there may be timber in the civil Lebanon uncut as yet — cedars, where-with the future shall build platforms broader than any which party has ever stood on as yet, or can ever be made to stand on.

Lawyers continue to dogmatize without sensible abatement. But then they have the apology of position. With them what is writ is writ. But they show after all that they are in sympathy with their times by persistent strugglings at the barriers. When off duty they have been known to seek the springs that bubble and the pastures spread among the hills.

Physicians rarely dogmatize in council—oftener with their patients, but rarely with them. On the whole, perhaps, they may be regarded as unassuming. Their drift is to enquiry, and the habit is found to bear perceptibly on the bills of mortality. Sangrado is undoubtedly dead.



Divines dogmatize now very little, comparatively. Since the time of Paley, particularly, the clergy, both at home and abroad, have shown an ever-growing disposition to deal with evidence, and like Paul at Athens, to reason with men of righteousness and judgment to come. Very many of our colleges are under their superintendence, but in their professorial chairs they do not teach by dogma. There are a few mathematical and philosophic truths which they assume as axiomatic, but it is because they are self-evident, or ultimate atoms, and therefore incapable of resolution; but should they attempt to add to their number, they would be rebuked by their own boys; and should they persist, it is but giving utterance to the simple fact to say that their establishments would be speedily emptied. Still, what vast ranges do they traverse with the rising hope of a nation behind them! But there is no danger. Let all fear be quieted. The methods of investigation and judgment which they adopt do not lead to unbelief in the bad sense, but to belief in the best. There was never an age like this in the number and magnitude of its intelligent convictions. Infidelity of the malignant type is at an end. The last atheist died not long after the last magician. They kept each other in coun-



tenance while they lived, and the blow that finished them came from the same quarter and was dealt by the same hand. The disposition to believe everything, and the disposition to believe nothing, though arising from different causes, are both amenable to the same cure.

There is a sin neither to be forgiven nor forgotten. What it is may be regarded as an open question. But if that form of evil which has worked the greatest calamity to mankind is entitled to the distinction, it lies at the door of that system of procedure by which the poises of our nature are deranged and destroyed.

As for the American statesman he was never much of a dogmatizer, and now he has ceased to be one almost altogether. He seems to have concluded from the first that Government should be based upon generic resemblances, and not upon accidental or forced differences. In view of the lesson of the last few years, added to the lessons of universal history, there is not only a disposition manifested to give full swing to that idea, but to a great extent the thing has been already accomplished. The great question of whether one man is as good as another to the intent of right and obligation — to which truth all the great decisive battles of the world from Marathon to



Gettysburg stand in relation — has been settled at last. But how? Though under God — yet let it be remembered that

No earthquake reeled, no thunderer stormed,
No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarmed;
No voices in heaven were heard.

Though under God acting in the fixed methods of His providence, still, humanly speaking, the conclusion came of the heads and the hearts of the people moving in balance in all council — of the average manhood of the nation acting in balance through all the exigencies of war; in camp — on the march — in the exchange of bloody conclusions in the field — in the loathsomeness of prisons — in the despair of slaughter pens — in hospital service — in the balanced completeness of national charity — in the intelligence of religious ministration — in the steadiness of hope always on its center, finding no undue elation in victory and no discouragement in disaster; and when the enemy, beaten in the war of his own choosing, awaited the vengeance which a nation of different drill would have been sure to deliver — by reason of the fact that that same balanced manhood spared them for the sake and for the use of the principle which victory has established; and further, for the reason that that



same manhood, comprehending at a glance the whole field of policy and obligation, proceeded at once to secure to an outcast race the boon which its fidelity and valor had aided in winning. Conduct like this, leading to results like these, does not distinguish the history of nations trained in dogmatic methods, and it never will. There is a law in the way of which man cannot repeal and is powerless to resist.

The great conclusion referred to will never be repealed, for it has become one of the living convictions of a people who think and feel and act in poise, and who when they have acted—stand. Won, at the last stage, by the sword against the sword upraised to resist it, and made holy by sacrifice, the conclusion named will soon become the central principle of our organic law if it has not become such already.

The brotherhood of man, constitutionally recognized and upheld, is the true field of the cloth of gold, and over it alone can the truce of God ever be made to bend. Thereon, with us, shall be fashioned the decrees of an evergrowing wisdom. Thereon shall be matured the judgments, like unto that which the prophet translated, which may remain to be entered up, and thence shall be proclaimed the excelsiors of the future.



Dining Room Table and Chairs

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Some Notices of Lost Works



ALTHOUGH it is the opinion of some critics that our literary losses do not amount to the extent which others imagine, they are however much greater than they allow. Our severest losses are felt in the historical province, and par-

ticularly in the earliest records, which might not have been the least interesting to philosophical curiosity.

The history of Phœnicia by Sanchoniathon, supposed to be a contemporary with Solomon, now consists of only a few valuable fragments preserved by Eusebius. The same ill fortune attends Manetho's history of Egypt, and Berosus's history of Chaldea. The histories of these most ancient nations, however veiled in fables, would have presented to the philosopher singular objects of contemplation.

Of the history of Polybius, which once contained forty books, we have now only five; of the historical library of Diodorus Siculus fifteen books only remain out of forty; and half of the Roman antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis



has perished. Of the eighty books of the history of Dion Cassius, twenty-five only remain. The present opening book of Ammianus Marcellinus is entitled the fourteenth. Livy's history consisted of one hundred and forty books, and we only possess thirty-five of that pleasing historian. What a treasure has been lost in the thirty books of Tacitus ! little more than four remain. Murphy elegantly observes, that "the reign of Titus, the delight of human kind, is totally lost, and Domitian has escaped the vengeance of the historian's pen." Yet Tacitus in fragments is still the colossal torso of history. Velleius Paterculus, of whom a fragment only has reached us, we owe to a single copy : no other having been discovered, and which has occasioned the text of this historian to remain incurably corrupt.

These are only some of the most known losses ; but in reading contemporary writers we are perpetually discovering many important ones. We have lost two precious works in ancient biography ; Varro wrote the lives of seven hundred illustrious Romans ; and Atticus, the friend of Cicero, composed another, on the acts of the great men among the Romans. When we consider that these writers lived familiarly with the finest geniuses of their times, and were opulent,



hospitable, and lovers of the fine arts, their biography and their portraits, which are said to have accompanied them, are felt as an irreparable loss to literature. I suspect likewise we have had great losses of which we are not always aware ; for in that curious letter in which the younger Pliny describes in so interesting a manner the sublime industry, for it seems sublime by its magnitude, of his Uncle, it appears that his Natural History, that vast register of the wisdom and the credulity of the ancients, was not his most extraordinary labour. Among his other works we find a history in twenty books, which has entirely perished. We discover also the works of writers, which, by the accounts of them, appear to have equalled in genius those which have descended to us. I refer the curious reader to such a poet whom Pliny has feelingly described. He tells us that "his works are never out of my hands ; and whether I sit down to write anything myself, or to revise what I have already wrote, or am in a disposition to amuse myself, I constantly take up this agreeable author ; and as often as I do so, he is still new." He had before compared this poet to Catullus ; and in a critic of so fine a taste as Pliny, to have cherished so constant an intercourse with the writings of



this author, indicates high powers. Instances of this kind frequently occur. Who does not regret the loss of the *Anticatones* of Cæsar?

The losses which the poetical world has sustained are sufficiently known by those who are conversant with the few invaluable fragments of Menander, who might have interested us perhaps more than Homer : for he was evidently the domestic poet, and the lyre he touched was formed of the strings of the human heart. He was the painter of manners, and the historian of the passions. The opinion of Quintilian is confirmed by the golden fragments preserved for the English reader in the elegant versions of Cumberland. Even of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, who each wrote about one hundred dramas, seven only have been preserved, and nineteen of *Euripides*. Of the one hundred and thirty comedies of *Plautus*, we only inherit twenty imperfect ones. The remainder of *Ovid's Fasti* has never been recovered.

Fancy may be supplied ; but Truth once lost in the annals of mankind leaves a chasm never to be filled.



Since life's best joys consist in peace
and ease,
And tho' but few can serve, yet all
may please,
O let th' ungentle spirit learn from
hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

—Hannah More



Landscape

William Keith



April 25
Volume VI
Number 7
1912

American Art Collections



ON my first visit to America—some years past—I was inclined to laugh,” writes Dr. William Bode, the eminent German expert, “at its collections ‘of old masters’ and ‘the universal brag’ that America owned some thirty thousand Corots, when the painter only executed about nine hundred canvasses. But now, after a second inspection of its treasures culled from every source, I must materially change my estimate. American men of wealth no longer purchase works of art without expert advice; and nothing is too good, nor any price too high. As a result Europeans must, when particularly fine examples are offered in



the market for sale, stand back: for they cannot pay the price. So the cream of such collections as the Rudolf Brothers and Moritz Kann, of Paris, Oppenheim of Germany, and Cattaneo of Genoa, go to America, to enrich such private collections as those of Freer, Morgan, Gardner, Huntington, Shaw, etc. Ultimately much of these will, maybe, find their way into public institutions — like the Henry Marquand collection, etc., in the Metropolitan of New York."

"Rembrandt, Woverman, Rubens, Velasquez, Gainsborough, Titian and Reynolds seem to be the favorites at present. Of the so-called Barbizon School, America holds examples of the highest order—despite its spurious Corots—having been an assiduous buyer of these painter's works for years. In the matter of 'fake' old masters, America is not the only sinner; for European collections are often filled with them. I know collections of Rembrandts in Europe where none are genuine. So this phase—so unfortunate—can not be attributed to American folly alone."

"The collections of Asiatic works at the Boston Museum are full and splendid. And although this institution has ceased buying while erecting its new building, it is now in a position to con-



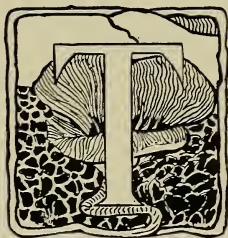
tinue. For a long time the New York Metropolitan Museum had gone into a wintry sleep under the direction of Cesnola the Italian, who secured his position through the sale of his antiques to the institution. But now, under the direction of Mr. Edward Robinson, ably assisted by curators Ballentine, Dean and Lythgoe, it forges ahead; and the galleries, newly opened, show fine collections of Romanesque work, Majolicas and Egyptian articles, most beautifully installed."

"It was first under the self-sacrificing leadership of Henry Marquand that the new turn came about in this institution. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has brilliantly continued the resurrection. Its purchasing fund is about a half million, to be increased by late bequest to a million and a half. So the future bids fair for the American Museum and Art Gallery."

"But the buildings themselves are hardly what they should be. Some have large, fine halls, true; but the exhibition rooms are invariably high, gaunt places, lit from the top—too much or too little—and ever at a bad angle. Apparently the unfortunate Louvre and the Palladian palaces of Europe have been too strictly followed as models, where it would have been far



better to have accepted America's own colonial examples in building, or certain English ones. Such German architects as Seidl or Hoffmann have created better models than American architects."



THE American public is perhaps surprised at Dr. Bode's almost unstinted praise of American art collections, and his rather sweeping criticism of our "Museum and Art Gallery architecture," for "we are led to believe"—through popular sources of information—that our collections of "old masters," etc., are to be taken with much salt, while as builders of appropriate museum buildings we are all that should be.

Several times in San Francisco large sums have been exhausted—within my knowledge—on "picture galleries." These have been created regardless of all advice, as if all a gallery should be is a place with a skylight and a dancing floor. Neither architect nor building committee (in America) ever seems able to rise to such simple matters as right light and well divided and proportioned wall spaces. So the handsome exter-



ior and the skylight and the dancing floor is provided, and the objects displayed left to shine in a glare, against an off color on an off wall — punctured, twisted and worried with paneling. All this is pitiful of course ; still, what's to be done about it ?

Unsatisfactory as the general lighting conditions are of the Sketch Club rooms, they are really better than any gallery now extant in San Francisco, or any provided, at much expense, before the fire. The Mary Hopkins Searles Gallery was a pointed example of "the system" of doing art galleries by contrariness. Still this awful example seems to have made no impression ; so the new gallery, on the same ground, sprang up in the same sickly tone and ill lit condition, as the old.

The management of St. Luke's Hospital, in giving the late loan exhibition of "old and other masters" elected to use the small banquet room of the Palace Hotel — a well proportioned and fairly lit place — but there again the old story of unsuitable color confronted them. This forced an extra expense for wall covering, the red in the real wall being about as bad for complexions and pictures as possible. And this again robs a show of its fitness, appropriateness and finish,



and makes life miserable for those who "hang things" in exhibitions. The operation is irritating, a condition not at all improved by the necessarily "ill hung," who are not slow to criticize the "hangers" rather than the "builders and decorators" of San Francisco "Art Galleries." This recalls a curious bit of hanging in the aforementioned exhibition of loaned works. At the left, on a slant wall, next to a mirror, hung three portraits, one by Von Lenbach, flanked on either side by living examples as strange to the collection as they were to the Mommsen portrait in the middle of them. Such bad hanging is the result, primarily, of bad environments. In a more appropriate setting, with less irritating circumstances, such could not happen. The very incongruity of the triplets — so engaged — would have forbade it, and struck both owners and hangers in its full acidity — as artistic comment, *sub rosa*.

However, the loan exhibition was successful, and there were many notable pieces on view to look at; and it is hoped the adventure will again be indulged in. For although it seems a good deal to ask of owners, that they shall give over their treasures at great risk to public inspection — seemingly making an opportunity for adverse



View of San Francisco and Harbor, 1854



criticism on their discretion as collectors — there is a recompense in it for the wise. Even collectors can learn by the “invidious comparison”; the curiosity of the public is at least satisfied, and artists view such exhibitions as a means of recalling fading ideals — or, better perhaps, as a way of puncturing — false cults.

Truly speaking, there is nothing so galling as a “criticism” founded upon purely literary misapprehension of what “old mastership” consists — which reminds!



ONE of our dealers has kindly placed on exhibition a famous cartoon — done by the much misapprehended Whistler. The unwary are apt to have this canvass bring forward the painter, as with his “Gentle Art,” more as the controversialist than as the astute analyst and synthecist. So what is really big, direct and wide in application in either work loses scale and appears very like school boy irritability. The whole general pitiful aspect of English “art, literature and realism” at Whistler’s earlier times must be fully apprehended before either of these creatures of Whistler’s are viewed without distortion of visage, etc. Again, it is to



be remembered that hardly a line or touch in either but what has a trite artistic dictum cleanly and clearly expressed. This is what irritated the English atmosphere so seriously in those latter nineteenth century days. It pained to have a perfectly obvious fact tossed back as an answer to a perfectly obvious muddle of words.

What Kenyon Cox has to say of St. Gaudens, the sculptor, could well apply to Whistler: "In this age of much presumption in naturalism, to the scientific and to the display of technique (brush work), St. Gaudens was always the artificer of beauty (the designer). First of all and by birthright, he was the designer. Without this strength of imagination (broad inventiveness), he would have been the delightful decorative artist, worthy to have been compared with the most charming of the Florentines; with it he became something more. * * * He could be almost ruthless in the assertion of his will when he felt it necessary—where his art was concerned—yet there was in him a tenderness of other's feelings which made him strike hard—when he did strike—to have it quickly over."

"The Whistlerian" is seldom accepted with much judgment in America, is often treated with contumacy and only occasionally with anything



like "respect". In truth, like the "Japanesque"—something almost invariably coupled with Whistler's efforts—it seems to be regarded as a species of erratic accomplishment, an attempt to be unusual at any cost, when in very fact his whole aim and endeavor was to restore a neglected art to its proper sphere. Of course "the accomplished world" would "scream" at the notion that the fine art of painting had become a lost art in the nineteenth century, insomuch as popular exhibits were concerned; and yet 'tis all too true that its spirit had virtually fled the flesh and left an art, properly speaking, without sense of design or invention, or as it is rather clumsily put in popular phrase, without "decorative motive" or intent.

Whether "the Japanesque" has restored some design (decorative motive) to painting among Europeans is a debatable question. My opinion is: the study of Asiatic art has merely brought to the attention of "connoisseurs," etc., that there is much more in the art than illustration (realism); that after all said, design is the prime motive of all the graphic and plastic arts, and "the imitation" of nature an accidental or secondary intention.

Of late we have had several literary ventures



which appear to strive to set this forward ; but each in its turn fumbles over choice of terms and leaves us quite where we were. Again each in turn appears to feel that this quality of design (decorative intention) is a bit of Asiaism (noted as Japanese). It is here where the whole value of these observations cease. For it reveals a rather weak culture in Occidental phases of painting, etc. And again it is questionable whether "the Japanesque" is any better as an exponent of Hindo-Chinese art than modern French academicism is of the Græco-Roman.

As a matter of fact all writers and "experts" on "the Japanesque" (Chinese) are given to hasty conclusions all around.



PRIMARILY, architecture, sculpture and painting are exponents of fine or characteristic form and color. Every work that becomes authoritative, so to speak, has its leading motive in form or color. From the very necessity of a given problem and material, architecture and sculpture (aside from pure low relief work) invariably start with form. While on the other hand paint-



ing is the art of color and line — material (either in fact or in imitation) being but a casual inter-loper, if I may put it so. But what is color? Among painters the term means the assembling of colored pigments or dyes under one “light, tone,” or family. The “good old” academic manner of saturating a painting with asphaltum is a primitive way of arriving at “color harmony” or color. What set the “cultured world’s” tongue a wagging about “impressionism” was, “impressionists” eschewed the asphaltum—a high crime against good old school methods, remedies and finalities.

However all this is ancient history, like the “Japanesque.” At this day the American, at least, is more vitally interested in resuscitating the spirit of the arts and relegating the rag babies and degenerates of “artistic Europe” to the bone-yards, which have served their times and purposes.



AND it is just here that the acquisitions of wealthy Americans — their rich harvestings of works of art from Europe and Asia — become important. If it were not that this “broad land” has received — not unwillingly — a species of art, or æsthetic culture, from abroad,



that is at once "amateurish" and "scholastic" in the extreme, its people would have no direct need for "old masterpieces" from Asia and Europe. It is for this very obvious fact that America has need of the genuine.

Even so early as the seventies San Francisco had an "Art School", — save the mark, — fully equipped with all the paraphernalia of the decrepit institutions of Europe. It received also its pre-Raphaelite inspirations and swallowed its Ruskin whole; with much untrained prattle about the Barbizon School, Manet, Monet and the lot. The Japanesque became a craze, with much commercial opportunity behind it. Anything, in time, with mystery, or naturalness in it, became "Whistlerian." And then there was the threat of a "Mission Architecture" revival.

Naturally, in this chow chow of the artistic, a really truly California work, having a sense of good drawing, design and color in its composition, would be received as "queer, not Californian, something esoteric or exotic. Nothing but a misfit, either in architecture or painting, could possibly suggest "a California inspiration."

"California painters," said a foreign artist, "do not paint California." So the stranger forthwith spread a jumble of crude pigments on an impossible hillside.



After the same manner much of our architectural lessons go or come the same way. A combination of ill drawn, ill applied, never understood architectural detail arrives on San Francisco's facades. Men, who should know better, speak to one another of tradition as a system of copying fine old details in a wretched manner and in wretched materials; instead of understanding tradition as a principle in integrity and æstheticism. Small wonder then that the amateur or connoisseur accepts good form and color as academicism, design as foreign to the art of painting, a bad copy as a distinguished accomplishment, and a chaotic conception as a mark of originality.



CORRECTLY speaking, California may neither turn its back on "tradition" nor deny its lessons. Art and fine craftsmanship are synonymous. We escape crudeness of vision and accomplishment only in proportion to our familiarity with the endeavors, desires and accomplishments of our forerunners.

It may have been "good practice" upon a time to subvert and pervert lovely architectural de-



tails — derived from the Greek. This is not the point. The point is: is artist, amateur or connoisseur able to shuffle off these "good practices," and return to natural usages and quality of workmanship.

All that is old then is not good? Nothing is surer. My impressions in a European museum have always been that but a small portion is either comprehensible or good: and that a person let loose in one is very like a tyro let loose in the wilds of nature — he is apt to turn tail on the whole thing or fall a victim to the very worst aspect of it. As suggested, the reaction is apt to be very like a plunge into the lore (or lure) of the Japanesque by one ignorant of the arts of the Occident — he exudes either as a votary of "the cult," or as a mad bull — resentful of all that is Asiatic — not of his tribe.

In building a "Civic Center," the town is quite as likely to go one extreme as the other — build either in an exaggerated "Greek style," or in some supposed modern style of unkempt conception. Already a still, small voice has asked for something "Californian", a sky scraper, Mission Boorish, etc. Classic, say others. It will be a modern marvel if it has any style at all at all.

Judging from the general tenor of architectural



San Francisco. 1907



attempts in San Francisco, the "Civic Center" and City Hall will, in all likelihood, be couched in terms of a very loose interpretation of "Renaissance"—which, by the way, is a rather loose interpretation or adaptation of Græco-Roman architecture. Our architects, barring some who still cling to that curious phase of unsympathetic ornamentation called *L'ArtNouveau*, appear to drift toward a preference for the Italian and Spanish types of Renaissance which preceded the Palladian manner. This, in itself, is a good venture; first, because it promises less of classic mutilations in use of details; second, for the good reason that workers in general are usually familiar with the Renaissance; third, because these phases of the "style" are far less costly, more modest and distinguished than a bad rendition of pure classicism. Again, the manner is admissible of some color, and would receive, in the group, an earlier example with its infusion of Byzantine decorations. Further, a splendid portico, or colonnade, would not jar the *ensemble*.

So heaven deliver us from any "modern" experimentations. For the "modern" never existed, other than in galvanized sheet metal, bad drawing and vicious pigments.



HOWEVER, San Francisco can have a "Civic Center" not borrowed, begged or stolen from a Parisian Roundpoint — and quite different from those "designed" for Cleveland, Baltimore, Skeedunk, Pike's Peak, and the Sketch Book of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Mind, this is not intended as a back door swap for French art and artist; for these have done much, on the side, for American art. The point is merely: to Hades with the periwigged manner of European Art Institutes.

If French artists like Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes and Courbet could afford to ignore the art of the State of France, and in turn be able to get over its antagonism, San Francisco can afford to build without Parisian millinery or its degeneracy. In truth the town can be natural without being gauche, and artistic without being a Mexican carpenter or a Parisian Apache.

San Francisco, in other words, is in the hands of her architects, to be made the fool of, or spoken of as an æsthetic town.

The suggestion, that it would be pitiful for San Francisco to attempt to be "modern," does not mean that it should strive to metamorphose



itself into a Mediæval or Attic environment ; but that it at best can do no more than be natural — can not excel self in any measure nor by any means ; and that whatever “style” is adopted for the “Civic Center,” it will fail or succeed in proportion to its understanding of tradition ; for tradition is nothing more or less than the accumulations of experience, in this case, in art.

An indifferent architect — indifferent not only to the quality of his immediate art, but also dense to all other — could not possibly make San Francisco proud in the possession of a “Civic Center,” however vast the sums he might expend in elaboration, precious material and in “designing.”

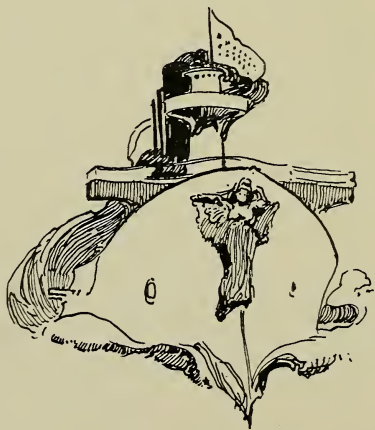
Voyage to the new Custom House and gaze upon the architectural frivolities in the shape of over-scaled wreaths, iterated birds, lion heads, unmeaning blocks of projecting stone, etc, Here is a building, excellent in its “four square” proportions and openings, and yet it's a pie when architecturally analyzed. There is neither of quality in selecting architectural motives in decoration nor any richness in imagination.

Again, our late City Hall, in its fantastic attempts to achieve the grandiose in the cheap, is a good illustration of the difference between an expensive and handsome set of architectural drawings



and a cheap — but extravagant — building erected after them. Think of it : in all those millions of misused bricks and stucco and galvanized iron and imitation material, not a nickel was spent for quality. From the vulture on its crest to its disgraced foundations, not a penny—not stolen—went for else than shoddy show.

The Dome cost some three quarters of a million ; the rest of it nigh unto seven millions — accepting the lowest estimate — nobody knowing just how near to ten millions it did cost. Still all anyone ever found in its ruins worth taking away was a few slabs of parti-colored marble.



There are those who lord it o'er their fellow-
men

With most prevailing tinsel : who unpen
Their baaing vanities, to browse away
The comfortable green and juicy hay
From human pastures ; or, O torturing fact !
Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpack'd
Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes.

—John Keats



Dancing Figures

By ARTHUR F. MATHEWS



May 25
Volume VI
Number 8
1912

The Good-Natured Couple



HERE was once a man called Frederick: he had a wife whose name was Catherine, and they had not long been married. One day Frederick said, "Kate! I am going to work in the fields; when I come back I shall be hungry, so let me have something nice cooked, and a good draught of ale." "Very well," said she, "it shall all be ready." When dinner time drew nigh, Catherine took a nice steak, which was all the meat she had, and put it on the fire to fry. The steak soon began to look brown, and to crackle in the pan; and Catherine stood by with a fork and turned it: then she said to herself, "The steak is almost ready, I may as well go to the cellar for the ale." So she



left the pan on the fire, and took a large jug and went into the cellar and tapped the ale cask. The beer ran into the jug, and Catherine stood looking on. At last it popped into her head, "The dog is not shut up — he may be running away with the steak; that's well thought of." So up she ran from the cellar: and sure enough the rascally cur had got the steak in his mouth, and was making off with it.

Away ran Catherine, and away ran the dog across the field: but he ran faster than she, and stuck close to the steak. "It's all gone, and 'what can't be cured must be endured,'" said Catherine. So she turned round; and as she had run a good way, and was tired, she walked home leisurely to cool herself.

Now all this time the ale was running too, for Catherine had not turned the cock; and when the jug was full the liquor ran upon the floor till the cask was empty. When she got to the cellar stairs she saw what had happened. "My stars!" said she, "what shall I do to keep Frederick from seeing all this slopping about?" So she thought awhile; and at last remembered that there was a sack of fine meal bought at the last fair, and that if she sprinkled this over the floor, it would suck up the ale nicely. "What a lucky thing,"



said she, "that we kept that meal; we have now a good use for it." So away she went for it: but she managed to set it down upon the great jug full of beer, and upset it; and thus all the ale that had been saved was set swimming on the floor also. "Ah! well," said she. "when one goes another may as well follow." Then she strewed the meal all about the cellar, and was quite pleased with her cleverness, and said, "How very neat and clean it looks!"

At noon Frederick came home. "Now, wife," cried he, "what have you for dinner?" "O Frederick!" answered she, "I was cooking you a steak; but while I went down to draw the ale, the dog ran away with it, and while I ran after him, the ale all ran out; and when I went to dry up the ale with the sack of meal that we got at the fair, I upset the jug: but the cellar is now quite dry, and looks so clean!" "Kate, Kate," said he, "how could you do all this? Why did you leave the steak to fry, and the ale to run, and then spoil all the meal?" "Why, Frederick," said she, "I did not know I was doing wrong; you should have told me before."

The husband thought to himself, if my wife manages matters thus, I must look sharp myself. Now he had a good deal of gold in the house:



so he said to Catherine, "What pretty yellow buttons these are! I shall put them into a box and bury them in the garden; but take care that you never go near or meddle with them." "No, Frederick," said she, "that I never will." As soon as he was gone, there came by some pedlars with earthenware plates and dishes, and they asked her whether she would buy. "Oh dear me, I should like to buy very much, but I have no money: if you had any use for yellow buttons, I might deal with you." "Yellow buttons," said they, "let us have a look at them." "Go into the garden and dig where I tell you, and you will find the yellow buttons: I dare not go myself." So the rogues went; and when they found what these yellow buttons were they took them all away, and left her plenty of plates and dishes. Then she set them all about the house for a show: and when Frederick came back, he cried out, "Kate, what have you been doing?" "See," said she, "I have bought all these with your yellow buttons: but I did not touch them myself; the pedlars went themselves and dug them up." "Wife, wife," said Frederick, "what a pretty piece of work you have made! those yellow buttons were all my money: how came you to do such a thing!" "Why," answered she, "I did



not know there was any harm in it ; you should have told me."

Catherine stood musing for a while, and at last said to her husband, "Hark ye, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back : let us run after the thieves." "Well, we will try," answered he ; "but take some butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat by the way." "Very well," said she, and they set out ; and as Frederick walked the faster, he left his wife some way behind. "It does not matter," thought she ; "when we turn back I shall be so much nearer home than he."

Presently she came to the top of a hill, down the side of which there was a road so narrow that the cart wheels always chafed the trees on each side as they passed. "Ah ! see now," said she, "how they have bruised and wounded these poor trees ; they will never get well." So she took pity on them, and made use of the butter to grease them all, so that the wheels might not hurt them so much. While she was doing this kind office, one of her cheeses fell out of the basket and rolled down the hill. Catherine looked, but could not see where it was gone ; so she said, "Well, I suppose the other will go the same way and find you ; he has younger legs



than I have." Then she rolled the other cheese after it ; and away it went, nobody knows where, down the hill. But she said she supposed they knew the road, and would follow her, and she could not stay there all day waiting for them.

At last she overtook Frederick, who desired her to give him something to eat. Then she gave him the dry bread. "Where is the butter and the cheese?" said he. "O!" answered she, "I used the butter to grease those poor trees that the wheels chafed so ; and one of the cheeses ran away, so I sent the other after it to find it, and I suppose they are both on the road together somewhere." "What a goose you are to do such silly things!" said the husband. "How can you say so?" said she ; "I am sure you never told me not."

They ate the dry bread together ; and Frederick said, "Kate, I hope you locked the door safe when you came away." "No," answered she, "you did not tell me." "Then go home and do it now, before we go any further," said Frederick, "and bring with you something to eat."

Catherine did as he told her, and thought to herself by the way, "Frederick wants something to eat ; but I don't think he is very fond of butter and cheese : I'll bring him a bag of fine nuts,

PHILOPOILS



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California St.



and the vinegar, for I have often seen him take some."

"When she reached home, she bolted the back door, but the front door she took off the hinges, and said, "Frederick told me to lock the door, but surely it can nowhere be so safe as if I take it with me." So she took her time by the way: and when she overtook her husband she cried out, "There, Frederick, there is the door itself, now you may watch it as carefully as you please." "Alas! alas!" said he, "what a clever wife I have! I sent you to make the door fast, and you take the door away, so that everybody may go in and out as they please:—however, as you have brought the door, you shall carry it about with you for your pains." "Very well," answered she, "I'll carry the door; but I'll not carry the nuts and vinegar bottle also—that would be too much of a load; so, if you please, I'll fasten them to the door."

Frederick, of course, made no objection to that plan, and they set off into the wood to look for the thieves; but they could not find them; and when it grew dark, they climbed up into a tree to spend the night there. Scarcely were they up, than who should come by but the very rogues they were looking for. They were in truth great



rascals, and belonged to that class of people who find things before they are lost : they were tired, so they sat down and made a fire under the very tree where Frederick and Catherine were. Frederick slipped down on the other side, and picked up some stones. Then he climbed up again, and tried to hit the thieves on the head with them ; but they only said, "It must be near morning, for the wind shakes the fir-apples down."

Catherine, who had the door on her shoulder, began to be very tired : but she thought it was the nuts upon it that were so heavy, so she said softly, "Frederick, I must let the nuts go." "No," answered he, "not now, they will discover us." "I can't help that, they must go." "Well then, make haste and throw them down if you will." Then away rattled the nuts down among the boughs ; and one of the thieves cried, "Bless me, it is hailing."

A little while after Catherine thought the door was still very heavy, so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the vinegar down." "Pray don't," answered he, "it will discover us." "I can't help that," said she, "go it must." So she poured all the vinegar down ; and the thieves said, "What a heavy dew there is !"

At last it popped into Catherine's head that it



was the door itself that was so heavy all the time; so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the door down soon." But he begged and prayed her not to do so, for he was sure it would betray them. "Here goes, however," said she: and down went the door with such a clatter among the thieves, that they cried out "Murder!" and not knowing what was coming, ran away as fast as they could, and left all the gold. So when Frederick and Catherine came down, there they found all their money safe and sound.





The Migrations of a Solan Goose

BY MISS CORBET



ELL, Bryce," said Mrs. Maxwell one day to her housekeeper, "what has the gamekeeper sent this week from Maxwell Hall?"

"Why, madam, there are three pair of partridges, a brace of grouse, a woodcock, three hares, a couple of pheasants, and a

solan goose."

"A solan goose!" ejaculated the lady; "what could induce him to think I would poison my house with a solan goose?"

"He knows it is a dish that my master is very fond of," replied Mrs. Bryce.

"It is more than your mistress is," retorted the lady; "let it be thrown out directly before Mr. Maxwell sees it."

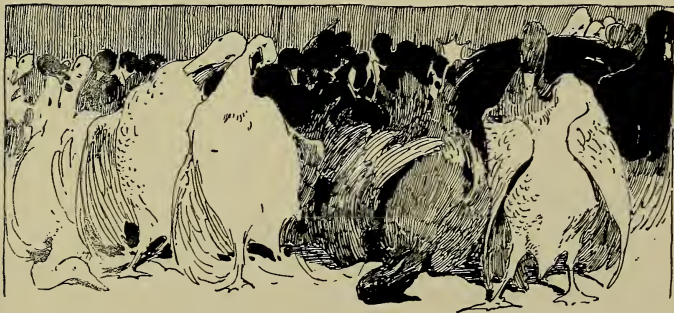
The housekeeper retired, and Mrs. Maxwell resumed her cogitations, the subject of which was how to obtain an introduction to the French noblesse, who had recently taken up their abode in Edinburgh.



"Gracious me!" said she, as she hastily rang the bell, "how could I be so stupid?—there is nothing in the world that old Lady Crosby is so fond of as a solan goose, and I understand she knows all the French people, and that they are constantly with her.—Bryce," she continued, as the housekeeper obeyed her summons, "is the goose a fine bird?"

"Very fine, indeed, madam; the beak is broken, and one of the legs is a little ruffled, but I never saw a finer bird."

"Well, then, don't throw it away, as I mean to send it to my friend Lady Crosby, as soon as I have written a note."





Mrs. Bryce once more retreated, and Mrs. Maxwell, having selected a beautiful sheet of note-paper, quickly penned the following effusion :

"My dear Lady Crosby,—Permit me to request your acceptance of a solan goose, which has just been sent me from Maxwell Hall. Knowing your fondness for this bird, I am delighted at having it in my power to gratify you. I hope that you continue to enjoy good health. This is to be a very gay winter. By the bye do you know any one who is acquainted with the French noblesse? I am dying to meet with them. Ever, my dear Lady Crosby,

Yours truly, M. MAXWELL."

Lady Crosby being out when this billet reached her house, it was opened by one of her daughters.

"Bless me, Maria!" she exclaimed to her sister, "how fortunate it was that I opened this note; Mrs. Maxwell has sent mamma a solan goose!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Eliza; "I am sure if mamma hears of it she will have it roasted immediately, and Captain Jessamy, of the Lancers, is to call today, and you know a roasted solan goose is enough to contaminate a whole parish.—I shall certainly go distracted!"

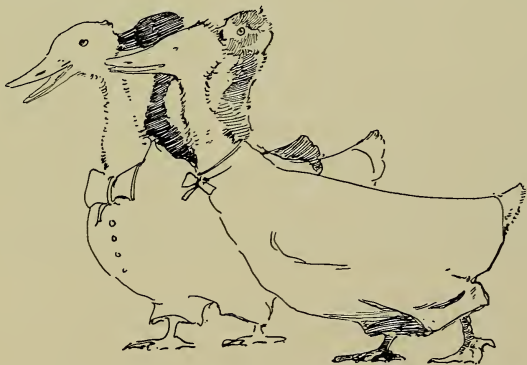
"Don't discompose yourself," replied Maria; "I shall take good care to send it out of the house before mamma comes home; meanwhile, I must write a civil answer to Mrs. Maxwell's note. I



daresay she will not think of alluding to it ; but if she should, mamma, luckily, is pretty deaf, and may never be a bit the wiser."

"I think," said Eliza, "we had better send the goose to the Napiers, as they were rather affronted at not being asked to our last musical party ; I daresay they will make no use of it, but it looks attentive."

"An excellent thought," rejoined Maria. No sooner said than done ; in five minutes the travelled bird had once more changed its quarters.





"A solan goose!" ejaculated Mrs. Napier, as her footman gave her the intelligence of Lady Crosby's present. "Pray, return my compliments to her ladyship, and I feel much obliged by her polite attention. "Truly," continued she, when the domestic had retired to fulfil this mission, "if Lady Crosby thinks to stop our mouths with a solan goose, she will find herself very much mistaken. I suppose she means this as a peace-offering for not having asked us to her last party. I suppose she was afraid, Clara, my dear, you would cut out her clumsy daughters with Sir Charles."

"If I don't, it shall not be my fault," replied her amiable daughter. "I flirted with him in such famous style at the last concert, that I thought Eliza would have fainted on the spot. But what are you going to do with the odious bird?"

"Oh, I shall desire John to carry it to poor Mrs. Johnstone."

"I wonder, mamma, that you would take the trouble of sending all the way to the Canongate for any such purpose: what good can it do you to oblige people who are so wretchedly poor?"

"Why, my dear," replied the lady, "to tell you the truth, your father, in early life, received such valuable assistance from Mr. Johnstone, who was



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a very rich man, as laid the foundation of his present fortune. Severe losses reduced Mr. Johnstone to poverty ; he died, and your father has always been intending, at least promising to do something for the family, but has never found an opportunity. Last year, Mrs. Johnstone most unfortunately heard that he had it in his power to get a young man out to India, and she applied to Mr. Napier on behalf of her son, which, I must say, was a very ill-judged step, as showing that she thought he required to be reminded of his promises, which, to a man of any feeling, must always be a grating circumstance ; but I have often observed, that poor people have very little delicacy in such points : however, as your papa fancies sometimes that these people have a sort of claim on him, I am sure he will be glad to pay them any attention that costs him nothing."





Behold, then, our hero exiled from the fashionable regions of the West, and laid on the broad of his back on a table, in a small but clean room, in a humble tenement in the Canongate, where three hungry children eyed with delight his fat legs, his swelling breast, and magnificent pinions.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," cried the children, skipping round the table, and clapping their hands, "what a beautiful goose! how nice it will be when it is roasted! You must have a great large slice, mamma, for you had very little dinner yesterday. Why have we never any nice dinners now, mamma?"

"Hush, little chatter-box," said her brother Henry, a fine stripling of sixteen, seeing tears gather in his mother's eyes.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Johnstone, "it goes to my heart to think of depriving these poor children of their expected treat, but I think we ought to send this bird to our benefactress, Lady Bethune. But for her, what would have become of us? While the Napiers, who owe all they have to your worthy and unfortunate father have given us nothing but empty promises, she has been a consoling and ministering angel, and I should wish to take this opportunity of showing



my gratitude : trifling as the offering is, I am sure it will be received with kindness."

"I am sure of it," replied Henry ; "and I will run and buy a few nuts and apples to console the little ones for losing their expected feast."

The children gazed with lengthened faces as the goose was carried from their sight, and conveyed by Henry to the house of Lady Bethune, who, appreciating the motives which had dictated the gift, received it with benevolent kindness.

"Tell your mother, my dear," said she to Henry, "that I feel most particularly obliged by her attention, and be sure to say that Sir James has hopes of procuring a situation for you ; and if he succeeds, I will come over myself to tell her the good news."

Henry bounded away as gay as a lark, while Lady Bethune, after having given orders to her butler to send some bolls of potatoes, meal, and a side of fine mutton, to Mrs. Johnstone, next issued directions for the disposal of the present she had just received.

"La, madam !" exclaimed Mrs. Bryce, as she once more made her appearance before her mistress, "if here be not our identical solan goose come back to us, with Lady Bethune's compliments ! I know him by his broken beak and



ruffled leg : and as sure as eggs are eggs, that's my master's knock at the door !”

“Run, Bryce! fly!” cried Mrs. Maxwell in despair; “put it out of sight! give it to the house-dog!”

Away ran Mrs. Bryce with her prize to Towler: and he, not recollecting that he had any favor to obtain from any one, or that he had any dear friends to oblige, received the present very gratefully, and as he lay in his kennel,

“Lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,”

thus ingloriously terminating the migrations of a solan goose.



Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and
stars

To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul : and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here : so Reason's glim-
mering ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.

—John Dryden



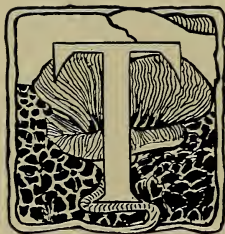
Innocent X.

Velázquez



June 25
Volume VI
Number 9
1912

“The Chinese”



THAT famous story of how the sons of the celestial empire invented, or discovered roast pig, is recited more to illustrate the imperturbability of the human mind when safeguarded by traditions of ancient origin. Precedent, while a splendid check—sometimes—to folly and impulse, has its droll as well as its cruel outgrowths. “No Chinese” could possibly connect the idea of fire with roast pig, else the fire came in exact motion, rhythm or association with the coming of the first porker done to a brown by heat. Therefore as “the Chinese” discovered roast pig on the occasion of a burning village, it was always essential, when they desired this colorful and succulent dish, to burn a village. I



don't know who upset this ancient and honorable custom and went against tradition ; it surely was not " a Chinese "—either of the Occident or the Orient.

Not so long ago, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, two Jesuit freres were attached to the Chinese emperor's household : they were painters also, a fact that should not lead one to think these two gentlemen were the first outside or foreign influence exerted or attempted in that land. Far from it ; there is record that so far back as 100 B. C. and 67 A. D. China received certain Greek Bactrian and Indian influences in the arts. And thereby hangs the moral of the story. Remembering that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the time of the formation of the so-called academic institutions of Europe, and the cult that was supposed to represent the ancient Greek culture in art, etc.—something founded upon supposed or pretended fine traditions in art—it is to be understood that the two painter priests carried " the flower of European tradition " there to be confronted by Chinese tradition, also supposed by the Chinese to be the real blossom. Both came from the same stock. But after the first glamor of sensationalism passed, the heathen asked if men's faces in Europe were



really of a different color on either side. He had not as yet discovered shadow—or *chiro scuro*, as the fine old eighteenth century master loved to call black paint—pardon! I mean shadows. Again, modeling, or more correctly speaking, the representation of planes, was not a part of Chinese painting. Ultimately, as the good painter priests wrote back to France, “we were obliged to paint *a la Chinois* or quit.” This was a wise move: for shadows are not essential to painting, and the painters of the eighteenth century knew about as much about planes and light as a “pre-Raphaelite” (of the nineteenth century). It was wise again, because it is dangerous to one’s stomach to resist a solid opinion when expressed by either an autocratic majority or a despotic emperor.

For a space of some five hundred years China has been ruled by a foreign dynasty, one that gives the Chinese but a smack of the ancient and honorable porker; and the art of painting is as inane now as with the eighteenth century classicist or nineteenth century realist. All that is interesting in late happenings in Asia and the contact of late Asiatic and European art is, that it is not at all new. History merely repeats itself after some two thousand years.



INSTEAD of being the extreme wing of Socialism, the organization which of late has had the extreme unction of making life animated in certain South California towns, is what Nietche might call atavistic, harking back to pre-socialistic epochs "when men chewed icebergs and swallowed protoplasms and mastodons." Socialists are the extreme, there is no other wing to society. An I. W. W. is a hybrid growth—at once syndicator and egoist—a sort of double headed "Chinese-European." He practices the philosophy of inertia and action at the same moment—like a circus performer on two horses—only he invariably splits his pantaloons and bites his tongue in every performance, reformation or flight of diction. Again, he is the cause of as much worry among trades-unionist and labor organizations as among employers and editors.

In San Diego he is ostensibly and actively engaged in getting free speech and practicing all the faculty of inertia he possesses to avoid working for anybody's profit—his own included. Virtually, Mr. Weinstock does not understand this growth; but no harm done and no great discredit; for no one else does—"excepting the writer of these all too few lines."



Simply, an I. W. W. is a creature cultured by anarchists and socialists without sense of proportion or fitness and entirely devoid of either humor or mental vision. Modern charity and philanthropy and education keep him alive and confirm him in his egotism—egotism almost superhuman, even in the cradle. And all the use he is in the world is to plague our ever-inclined tendency to sit down and recount our good deeds and neglect the correction of bad ones. In other words he is a rather gentle reminder—when he does not take to dynamite—that men, when they take to “mass rule and mass production,” are apt to breed out a low measure of intelligence, government and products. “The sacred right of individuals” goes a glimmering, and we get mob rule and mob products.

Standardization, Syndication and Socialism are one and the same—in breeding; there is always a sacrifice of quality; for quality is essentially an individual, not a mob distinction. As Emerson intimated, the nineteenth century was the era of mechanism, a time when men truly believed that in machinery they had a substitute for “expensive” individual skill, and could produce by means of human assistants of low mental and physical vitality, and machines, all that was for-



merly "expensive — because made by hand." With this obsession, the nineteenth century proceeded to install a tremendous "power tool" in place of the "hand tool." In America, in fear of the "Yellow Peril and Contract Labor," a system of protective tariff and certain restrictive measures were enacted to keep out "the horde of cheap foreign laborers and cheap foreign goods." That the twentieth century has inherited all the direful results and mortgages on the future of the system — besides all the ignorance of mediævalism and the nineteenth century — is now quite in evidence.



HE Governor's Commissioner, in full sincerity, and in full sympathy with "the under dog," and plainly showing a belief in "the unlimited power" of his credentials (as a potentate), started to investigate San Diego as if his position, sentimentally, politically and officially, was beyond question. "As a result," the two sides to a controversy ultimately opposed him and his position.



Entrance Savings Union Bank and Trust Company
Interior View



EASON, a sense of fitness, and both productiveness and reproductiveness are innate characteristics of individuals — not within the power of either state or schoolhouse to give. Silence is more precious than speech. I learned this on the streets of San Francisco — not in a school, club, legislative hall, or book. Any time within the last ten or twenty years anyone could find in San Francisco on some street corner, one or a group of cracker box orators. Sometimes Dr. O'Donnell, a vendor of quack medicine, a socialist and an I. W. W. would each have one of four corners together, so to say. Each had his particular nostrum or political palliative for sale, or for the listening. I listen ; but never indulge.

Since those times of artistic adventure and character study, all the unpolished "truths" uttered thus on the streets have found the inside of clubs.

There are so many brands of medicinal finish and literary polish on all these panaceas now-a-days, that before one ventures to speak well of socialism he needs must be sure what kind of nostrum a salesman carries in stock — whom he would be "pleasant" towards.



ALWAYS beware," spake Balzac, "of the man with a system." It is quite as apt to be loaded as otherwise — just as dangerous as the one you are living with yourself. No one, excepting in a thoughtless moment, ever denied that the great propaganda of common ownership, co-operation or communism, "is practical." That is not the pivotal or crucial question in all such systems. It is rather, whether such would prove as economic and be as conducive to "the under dog's" peace of mind and profits as the present. All such who favor one or other of the systems tending towards so-called socialism, claim nothing could promise worse than the present. Here is where the fight begins, and from hence and so on, debate is all made up of tricky phrasing and personalities.

At this game the I. W. W. is the most offensive, raw or polished, of the lot.

Many a time have I sketched the original ruins of San Francisco's City Hall and listened to Denis of sand lot fame ; but Denis was nowhere alongside a flannel shirted I. W. W., or a polished crack-a-jack of the same ilk.

I have heard the Faubourg Montmartre female



vendor and the she street cleaners of Paris bandy words ; but never have I heard the equal or read the equal of I. W. W. oratory and literature. Chinese classics are not with it for a moment, and one may guess that the gamin and literatti of revolutionary Paris could not approach the antics of logic and speech of a thoroughbred I. W. W.

He is physically and mentally—as one of the special pleaders says—powerless and inert, excepting at the root of his or her tongue. But what a mighty muscle there ; what a power to dissemble, contort, twist and gambol.



S said, he is a part of the synchronism of nineteenth century activities, industrial and political ; and it appears strange indeed to me, being with us constantly for a whole decade, that pulpit, press and people have only just discovered this particular, peculiar and typically common product of nineteenth century syndication tendencies on the part of humanity.

One writer tells us that—in substance—the “anarchist” or “anti-Christ” recites no different



than he has heard expressed in the pulpit. Absolutely correct!

Emma Goldman declares a majority can be more brutal than any autocrat would dare. Absolutely correct!

Where each of these is wrong, grievously so, is in an absolute lack of faith in the inherent capacity for good in the individual; else he is dominated by a syndicate of the common.

"Individualism," or the personal factor, as an economic device, was in the nineteenth century considered anarchistic, expensive and inefficient by "popular economic" ideal. With the "power driven" machine (tool) around which was centered a large body of nondescript humanity (commonly called laborers), the nineteenth century proposed to lift the burden of high cost from humanity's shoulders, place all "labor" (skilled, etc.), on an equal earning basis, and "bring art to the poor as well as to the rich."

All the system accomplished (in lieu of promise) was to create "an aristocratic class" of common journeymen, and solidify the lowest mental and physical skill in a common slavery and — the organization called Industrial Workers of the World.

In efficiency the huge industrial plant "con-



trolled" by a syndicate of business organizers and erratically served and manned by a syndicate of workers of little individual power of production or sense of consequences, is as Carnegie said, "a lazy corporate body, and no match for one conducted by an alert partnership."

Nothing, in these days of electric transmission of power, except popular superstition in regard to the power, efficiency and cheapness of the large plant, saves its collapse on the instant.

An I. W. W., polished or otherwise, has that fatality in belief, that can not comprehend getting roast pig, else a town is dynamited or burned, or it is forthwith appropriated from some one else's munitions.

Therefore, "all wealth is stolen; and being "originally created by labor," it is quite proper for an I. W. W. to steal the system.



THE logic of all this is so clear that no one need wonder that men of such widely differentiating mentalities as Markam, Darrow, London and Haywood find many proselytes in "the lower" and in the sentimental classes of our social fabric for the "non-competitive" social ideal; for the only



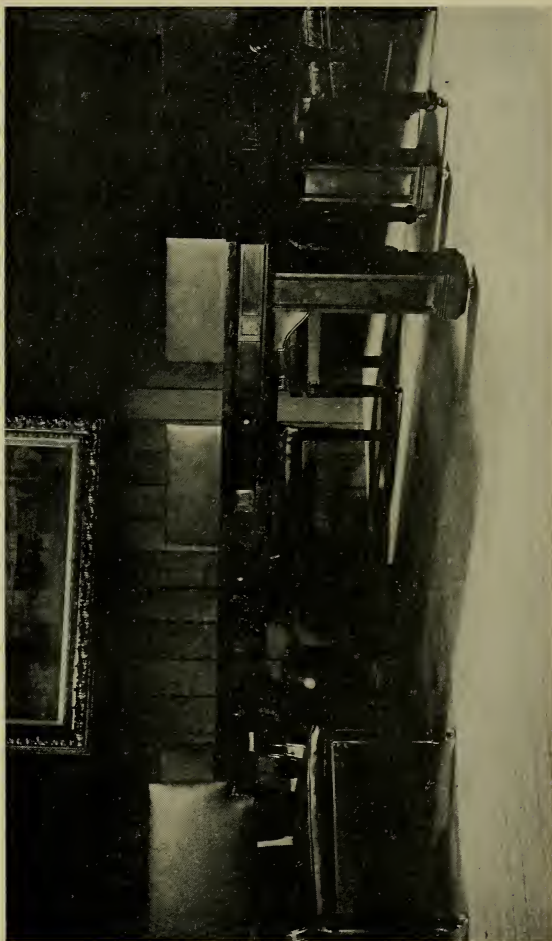
competition actively among these is in a matter of endurance — in the bare physical sense.

The eight hour law and a minimum wage is supposed to remove the competitive tendency of such, in a matter of wages. It would ; but the weeding out process would still go forward, and in place of the present "lower strata," society, with the humane assistance of nature, would lay a still lower residue of humanity beneath it.

Beneath the merry socialist state: the fair, pleasant non-competitive state, there would lie indubitably, the rottenest condition of human slavery.

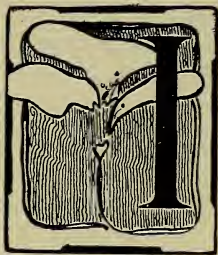
No Chinese System of Civil Service could match such for a moment as a "well conditioned" graft. The hand and acuteness that can frame "a defence" of almost open political corruption, in a manner so skilled, that a majority will believe him more sinned against than sinning, could not possibly write a "complete confession" without giving it his "master touch" of platitude and special pleading and vanity.





Finance Room Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

Designed and Made by FURNITURE SHOP, 1717 California Street



ONCE knew a street vendor of patent medicines who always started his sales with Lytton's — I believe — compositions, which runs: "There is no death!" He had a melodious voice, and as the last refrain of the lovely thought echoed down street, we, the audience, were in a fair condition to swallow his pills, and test the truth of the poem.

Every orator starts a speech with a feeler and ends with peroration — knowing it matters but little what lies between; provided feeler, end and middle flatter, directly or indirectly, the understanding of his audience. For or against, the I. W. W. in the gallery overhanging a debate among various sorts and degrees of syndicators, could not otherwise than be pleased — like the inevitable god in the theatre heights, a whole housefull played to him — to him, the last word in syndicates.

Mind, "he's no cheap guy, either!"

"Contracts, laws, courts and police administration?"

"Truly! these are merely to keep individuals in hot oil or water."



"A determined majority" can, and "should change a law" so soon as it pinches its fingers when these reach for the "unearned increment."

"What is sacredness when the sacred majority want the church utensils?"

Nothing but majority avidity !

In club life, the person who wants something he does not pretend to earn?—is called, "The Cheerful Worker of the World." When he gets gauche about it, "Beat" is the abbreviation.

We all agree that a polished Beat is no better than a flannel shirted Beat. Why quarrel over it?

There is but one social, economic or moral question under all this embroglio, *i.e.*: Do all workers get what they earn and is the obvious outcast the one who gets the least for his earning capacity.

Nobody but a trickster would claim that there is any equality in the earning capacity among individuals.

Every man of affairs knows that the real and the "apparent" cost of a given article are wide apart, varying from thirty to sixty per cent.

Again each producer, reproducer and carrier has his own particular cost account, and among them there is a wide fluctuation.

But few need reserve or operating funds—



money, etc.—capital with others is purely a matter of mental or physical skill. They save out of “surplus” just enough for a rainy day or old age. Some fail through lack of head to keep their “surplus.”

Here comes the second “syndicate question.” Shall these be “pensioned” or left to trust to spasmodic and indiscreet charity.



AMPOONING Rockefeller and calling Carnegie's money “unclean” settles nothing. Trust-busting is nothing—as we see. Endowing educational institutions, erecting libraries and instituting a “labor union cinch” merely aggravates and exaggerates the conditions of those who cannot avail themselves of these tools. At the moment the popular movement is towards legislation for a solution of the “problems” involved.

We are yet to see a body of legislators brought together sufficiently informed and endowed to go further than enact a barbaric female labor law, or frame an equally barbaric anti-trust law.

And the reason of it is, that like all syndicators (socialists), they decline to recognize the tendency



of man in breeding, toward mutation, and the inevitable consequence — the breaking up of the solidarity of common interest. When this condition arrives, adjustment of differences become more delicate and difficult.

The railroads brought "new problems" of adjustment. First these were tried out in Common Courts. Failure was the result. Then came the Railroad Commission. Failure again. Our Common Courts are full of cases where the pivotal point rests on a scientific, artistic or mechanical base — all technical and beyond the ken of judge and advocate. Experts are called in: the thing turns on special pleading before an uninformed and impossible jury. Failure again. Every engineer, architect, mechanic or artist has his droll story of how "I lost my case."

An injunction issued by a Court, as at present constituted and served, in a strike among laborers is "absurd"; absurd because the court is not fitted or trained to decide the real question in equity; it can only guess there is injury or prospect of injury. Maybe the employer saves good money in a shut down, having run on a loss out of mere pride in appearance. He might even be glad to see "the old plant burn or be blown up, and collect the insurance."



Consequently, if the U. S. Constitution is against courts of arbitration, courts where a syndicate of experts in industrial, scientific and transportation problems and processes can settle differences involving no "moral or political" question, it is time the old paper was amended, so we could lose "the legal profession" from railroad commissions and courts where technical questions in mechanics, craftsmanship and science only are to be decided.

This would be a Revolution indeed — a return to some of the civilized ways of mediævals — a departure from the barbaric jurisprudence and legislation of the nineteenth century.



IT would not take an expert workman and his employer and a disinterested person, together, ten minutes to find out whether a labor union is worthy of recognition or whether an I. W. W. is in want of employment; where a group of lawyers, jurymen and judges could wrangle over the matter for years — till the "patient" died.

One good efficiency man could tell after a month, just about how much fact there is in any contention over costs, just who is getting the



most profit out of a given operation, "employer or employee."

But the I. W. W. don't want this. They know! The other side know also. So, the affair in San Diego, and no quarters.

I wonder who will get the roast pig—and which the guillotine?



“And the Lord God formed man
of the dust of the ground, and
breathed into his nostrils the
breath of life, and man became
a living soul.”

— Genesis II. 7.

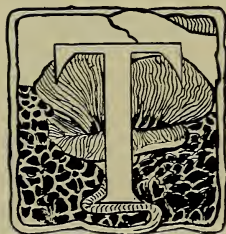


Lobby Safe Deposit Department Savings Union Bank
and Trust Company



July 25
Volume VI
Number 10
1912

Supposed Beginning of the History of Man



TO strew conjectures in the course of a history, in order to fill up a gap in a narrative, may be regarded as allowable ; since that which came before, as remote cause, and that which came after, as effect, may furnish a tolerably safe guide to the discovery of the intermediate causes, and thus make the transition intelligible. But to create a history entirely out of conjecture, seems to be little better than laying the plan of a novel. Such a history ought not to be called a conjectured history, but a mere fiction. Nevertheless, that which ought not to be hazarded in relation to the progressive history of human



affairs, may yet be attempted in relation to the first beginning of the same, so far as that beginning is the work of Nature. For here, it is not necessary to invent. Experience will suffice, if we assume, that experience, in the first beginning of things, was neither better nor worse than now,—an assumption which agrees with the analogy of nature, and has nothing presumptuous in it. A history of the first unfolding of freedom from an original capacity in the nature of man, is something very different from the history of freedom in its progress, which can have no other basis than received accounts.

Conjecture, however, must urge no extravagant claims to assent. It must announce itself, not as serious occupation, but only as an exercise permitted to the imagination, under the guidance of reason, by way of recreation and mental hygiene. Accordingly, it must not measure itself with a narrative on the same subject, which has been proposed and believed as actual history, and whose evidence depends on far other grounds than those of natural philosophy. For this reason, and because I am attempting here a mere pleasure excursion, I may count on the privilege of being allowed to avail myself of a certain ancient, sacred document, and of fancying that



my excursion made on the wings of imagination, though not without a guiding thread deduced by reason from experience, has hit the exact line which that document historically describes. The reader will turn over the leaves of the document (first book of Moses, from the second to the fourth chapter), and, following step by step, see whether the course pursued by philosophy according to ideas, coincides with the one which is there indicated.

Not to lose ourselves in merely fantastic conjectures, we must begin with that which cannot be deduced by human reason from antecedent natural causes, viz. the existence of man. We must suppose him existing in fully developed stature in order that he may be independent of maternal aid. We must suppose a pair, in order that he may propagate his species; and yet but a single pair, in order that war may not spring up at once, between those who are near together and yet estranged from each other; and that Nature may not be charged, on the score of various parentage, with having made no sufficient provision for union, as the chief end of human destination. For the unity of the family from which all men were to derive their origin, was undoubtedly the best means to bring about this end. I place this



pair in a region secured against the attack of beasts of prey, and richly furnished by Nature with the means of support ; that is, in a kind of garden, and in a climate forever genial. Farther still, I contemplate them at that period only, at which they have already made important progress in the ability to use their powers. I begin therefore not with the utter rudeness of nature, lest there should be too many conjectures for the reader, and too few probabilities, if I were to attempt to fill up this gap, which probably comprises a long period of time.

The first man, then, could stand and walk ; he could speak (Gen. ii. 20) and even talk, that is, speak according to connected ideas (v. 23), consequently, think. All these faculties he was forced to acquire for himself, for if they had been in-born, they would be hereditary, which is contrary to experience. But I here assume that he is already possessed of these faculties, and direct my attention exclusively to the development of the moral in his doing and abstaining, which necessarily presupposes the faculties in question.

At first, the novice is guided solely by instinct, that voice of God which all animals obey. This allowed him certain articles of food and forbade others. (Gen. iii. 2, 3). It is not necessary how-



ever, to suppose, for this purpose, a special instinct which has since been lost. It might have been simply the sense of smell, its relation to the organ of taste, and the known sympathy of the latter with the instruments of digestion. Hence a capacity, the like of which may still be observed, to predict the suitableness or unsuitableness of any particular species of food. It is not even necessary to suppose this sense stronger in the first pair than it is now: for it is well known what difference exists in the powers of perception, between those who are occupied with their senses alone and those who are occupied, at the same time, with their thoughts, and thereby diverted from their sensations.

So long as inexperienced man obeyed this call of Nature, he found his account in so doing. Soon, however, Reason began to stir and he sought to extend his knowledge of the means of subsistence beyond the bounds of instinct, by a comparison of that which he had eaten with that which resembled it, in the judgment of another sense than the one to which the instinct attached, the sense of sight. (Gen. iii. 6.) This experiment might have had a happy issue, although instinct did not advise, provided it did not forbid. But it is a property of reason to be able,



with the help of imagination, to elaborate artificial desires not only without a natural impulse, but even against the impulses of nature. These desires which, in their first manifestation, we call wantonness, gradually produce a whole swarm of unnecessary and even of unnatural propensities, to which we give the name of luxury. The occasion of the first defection from natural instinct, may have been a trifle, but the consequence of this first experiment was, that man became conscious of his reason, as a faculty capable of extension beyond the limits within which other animals are held ; and this consequence was of great importance and had a decisive influence on his way of life. Although, therefore, it may have been merely a fruit, the sight of which tempted him to partake of it by its resemblance to other pleasant fruits, of which he had already partaken ; yet if we add the example of an animal to whose nature such fruit was adapted, whereas it was not adapted to the nature of man, and, consequently, forbidden to him by an opposing natural instinct ;—this circumstance would give to reason the first occasion to practice chicanery with Nature (Gen. iii. 1), and, in spite of her prohibition, to make the first experiment of a free choice ; which experiment, being the first, pro-



bably did not result according to expectation. No matter how insignificant the injury which ensued, man's eyes were opened by it. (Gen. iii. 7.) He discovered in himself the capacity to select his own life-path, instead of being confined to a given one, like other animals. The momentary pleasure which the perception of this advantage might awake in him, must have been followed immediately by fear and anxiety. How was he, who, as yet, knew nothing according to its hidden qualities and remote effects,—how was he to proceed with his newly discovered power? He stood, as it were, on the brink of an abyss. From the single objects of his desire, as they had hitherto been indicated to him by instinct, he learned their infinity, an infinity in which he was as yet unprepared to choose. It was not possible for him however to return from this state of freedom once tasted, to that of servitude, or subjection to the law of instinct.

Next to the instinct of nourishment, by which Nature preserves the individual, the instinct of sex, by which she provides for the preservation of the species, is the most important. Reason, once called into action, began without much delay, to manifest its influence here likewise, Man soon found that what, with other animals, is



transient and for the most part dependent on periodical impulse, was capable of being prolonged and even increased, in his case, by means of the imagination, which acts with greater moderation indeed, but also with greater permanence and uniformity, the more the object is withdrawn from the senses; and that, by this means, the satiety which the satisfaction of a merely animal desire brings with it, might be prevented. Accordingly, the fig-leaf (v. 7) was the product of a far greater exercise of reason, than that which appeared in the first stage of its development. For to render a propensity more intense and more permanent by withdrawing the object of it from the senses, shows a consciousness of some degree of power of reason over impulses, and not merely, like that first step, a capacity to serve them to a greater or less extent. Denial was the artifice which led from the joys of mere sensation to ideal ones, from mere animal desire to love, and, with love, from the feeling of the merely agreeable, to the taste for the beautiful, first in man, and then in nature. Propriety,—the disposition to inspire respect in others by the decent concealment of whatsoever might produce contempt,—as the true foundation of all genuine social union, gave moreover the first hint



Painted by CHARLES FRANCOIS DAUBIGNY



to the cultivation of man, as a moral being.— A small beginning, but one which makes an epoch, by giving a new direction to thought, is more important than the whole immeasurable series of extensions given to culture, in consequence of it.

The third step in the progress of reason, after it had connected itself with the first felt and immediate necessities, was the deliberate expectation of the future. This faculty, by means of which not only the present life-moment is enjoyed, but the coming and often far distant time made present, is the most decisive mark of the advantage possessed by man in being able to prepare himself, according to his destination, for distant ends ; but it is also, at the same time, the most inexhaustible fountain of cares and troubles, occasioned by the uncertain future, from which all other animals are freed. (vs. 13-19.) The man, who had himself and a wife, together with future children, to support, anticipated the ever growing difficulty of his labor. The woman anticipated the evils to which Nature had subjected her sex, and the added ones which the stronger man would lay upon her. Both saw with fear, in the back-ground of the picture, after a toilsome life, that which indeed befalls inevitably all



creatures, but without occasioning them any anxiety, namely, death. And they seemed to reproach themselves for the use of reason which had brought all these evils upon them, and to count it a crime. To live in their posterity, who might experience a happier lot, and, as members of a family, lighten the common burden, was, perhaps, the only consoling prospect which still sustained them. (Gen iii. 16-20.)

The fourth and last step in the progress of reason, and that which raised man entirely above the fellowship of the beasts, was this, that he comprehended, however obscurely, that he is truly the aim of Nature, and that nothing which lives upon the earth can rival him in this. The first time that he said to the sheep: "that skin which thou wearest, Nature gave thee not for thine own sake but for mine," and so saying, took it from the animal and put it upon himself; (v. 21) he became conscious of a prerogative which, by virtue of his nature, he possessed above all other animals. He no longer regarded these as his associates in creation, but as means and instruments committed to his will, for the accomplishment of whatsoever ends he pleased. This conception includes, though dimly, the converse; viz. that he could not say the same of his fellow-



man, but must regard him as an equal partaker with himself of the gifts of Nature. We have here a remote preparative for those limitations which reason was hereafter to impose upon the will of man in regard to his fellow, and which are even more necessary than inclination and love, to the constitution of society.

And thus had man,—in consideration of his title to be an end unto himself, to be regarded as such by every other and by none to be used merely as a means to other ends,—entered into an equality with all rational beings of whatsoever rank. (Gen. iii. 22.) It is here, and not in the possession of reason, considered merely as an instrument for the satisfaction of various propensities, that we are to look for the ground of that unlimited equality of man even with higher beings, who may be incomparably superior to him in natural endowments, but no one of whom has therefore a right to manage and dispose of him at pleasure. This step in the progress of reason is therefore simultaneous with the dismissal of man from the mother-lap of Nature;—a change which was honorable indeed, but at the same time dangerous, inasmuch as it drove him forth from the unmolested and safe condition in which his childhood was nursed, as it were from



a garden which had maintained him without any care on his part, (v. 23) and thrust him into the wide world, where so many cares and troubles and unknown evils awaited him. Hereafter, the burdens of life will often elicit the wish for a paradise—the creature of his imagination—where he may dream or trifle away his existence in quiet inactivity and uninterrupted peace. But reason, restless and irresistibly impelling him to unfold the capacities implanted in him, stations itself between him and that region of imaginary joys, and will not permit him to return into that condition of rude simplicity out of which it has drawn him forth. (v. 24.) It impels him to undergo with patience the labor which he hates, to chase the gauds which he despises, and to forget even death so terrible to him, in the pursuit of those trifles whose loss is more terrible still.

From this sketch of the first history of man it appears, that his departure from the Paradise which reason represents as the first residence of his species, was nothing else than the transition from the rudeness of a merely animal nature, to humanity, from the leading strings of instinct to the guidance of reason,—in a word, from the guardianship of Nature, to a state of freedom. Whether man has gained or lost by this change,



can no longer be a question, if we regard the destination of the species, which consists solely in progress towards perfection ; however defective may have been the first attempts, and even a long series of successive attempts to penetrate to this end. Nevertheless, this course which, for the species, is a progress from worse to better, is not exactly such for the individual. Before reason was awakened, there was neither command nor prohibition, and consequently no transgression. But when reason began its work, and, weak as it was, came into collision with animalism in all its strength, it was unavoidable that evils, and what was worse, with the growing cultivation of reason, vices should arise, which were entirely foreign from the state of ignorance, and consequently of innocence. The first step out of this state, therefore, on the moral side, was a Fall: on the physical, a number of life-ills, hitherto unknown, were the effect ; consequently, the punishment of that Fall. So the history of Nature begins with good, for it is the work of God ; but the history of Freedom begins with evil, for it is the work of man. For the individual who, in the use of his freedom, has reference only to himself, the change was a loss. For Nature, whose aim in relation to man, is directed to the species, it was a gain. The



former, therefore, has reason to ascribe all the evils that he suffers, and all the evils that he does, to his own fault ; at the same time, however, as a member of the whole (the species), he must admire and commend the wisdom and propriety of the arrangement.

In this way, we may reconcile, with each other, and with reason, the oft misinterpreted, and, in appearance, successively conflicting assertions of Rousseau. In his work on "The Influence of the Sciences," and in that on "The Inequality of Men," he very correctly exhibits the unavoidable contradiction which exists between culture and the nature of man, as a physical race of beings, in which each individual is to fulfil entirely his destination. But in his "Emile" and his "Social Contract" and other writings, he endeavors to solve the difficult problem, and to show how culture must proceed in order to unfold, according to their destination, the faculties of Humanity as a moral species, so that there may no longer be any conflict between the natural and the moral destination. From this conflict, since culture has not yet rightly commenced, much less completed its course, according to true principles, educating alike the man and the citizen, arise all the real evils which oppress human life, and all the vices



which dishonor it. The propensities which lead to those vices, and on which the blame is laid in such cases, are good in themselves, and have their end as natural endowments. But these natural endowments, being calculated for a state of Nature alone, are trenched upon by progressive culture, and, in turn, re-act upon culture, until perfected Art returns to Nature again ; which is the final goal in the moral destination of the human species.

The thinking man feels a sorrow that may even lead to moral corruption, of which the thoughtless knows nothing. He feels, namely, a discontent with that Providence which guides the course of the world at large, when he reflects on the evils which oppress the human race to so great an extent, and seemingly without the hope of anything better. It is of the greatest importance, however, to be satisfied with Providence, notwithstanding it has prescribed to us a path so full of toil in our earthly world ; partly that we may still take courage amid our difficulties ; partly, lest, in ascribing these evils to Fate, we forget our own guilt, which perhaps is the sole cause of them, and so neglect to seek a remedy for them in self-reformation.

It must be confessed that the greatest evils



which afflict civilized nations arise from war ; not so much indeed from that which actually is, or has been, as from the never-ending, ever-increasing preparatian for that which is to be. To this end are applied all the forces of the State and all the fruits of its culture, which might be used for still further culture. Freedom is, in many points, materially invaded, and the motherly care of the State for individual members, changed to requisitions of inexorable severity ; which, nevertheless are justified by the fear of external danger. But, would this culture, would the intimate union of the various classes of the Commonwealth for the mutual furthering of their prosperity, would the same population, nay, would that degree of freedom, which, under very restrictive laws, still exists,—would they be found, were it not for that respect for Humanity which the constant dread of war enforces in the Heads of States ? Look at China, which, though she may suffer a sudden invasion, yet, in consequence of her situation, has no powerful enemy to fear ; and where, consequently, every tracé of freedom is obliterated ! In that stage of culture, therefore, at which the human race at present stands, war is an indispensable means for the promotion of further culture ; and not till the progress of



culture is completed (God knows when), would a perpetual peace be salutary for us; and not till then would it be possible. Accordingly, so far as this point is concerned, we ourselves are to blame for the evils of which we so bitterly complain; and the sacred record is quite right in representing the amalgamation of nations into one Community, and their perfect deliverance from external danger, while their culture has scarcely yet commenced, as a hindrance to all further culture, and a lapse into irremediable corruption.

The second cause of discontent among men is the order of Nature with respect to the shortness of life. It is true, one must have estimated very erroneously the value of life, to wish it longer than it actually is; for that would be only prolonging a struggle with perpetual difficulties. On the other hand, however, one can hardly blame a childish judgment for fearing death without loving life, or for thinking,—difficult as it may be to spend a single day in tolerable contentment,—that there are never days enough in which to repeat the torment. But when we consider, with how many cares the means of maintaining so short a life afflict us, and how much injustice is perpetrated in the hope of some



future, though equally transient good, it is reasonable to conclude, that, if men could look forward to a life of eight hundred years or more, the father would no longer be secure of his life from the son, the brother from the brother, friend from friend ; and that the vices of so long-lived a race would reach such a height as to render man worthy of no better fate, than to be swept from the earth in a general flood. (vs. 12, 13.)

The third wish, or rather empty longing (for one is conscious that the object can never be attained), is the shadow-image of that *golden age* so much praised by the poets : a state in which men are to be freed from all imaginary necessities imposed by luxury, and contented with the simple wants of Nature ; where there is to be a perfect equality of condition, ever-during peace ; in a word, the pure enjoyment of a careless life spent in idle dreaming or in childish sports. This longing, which makes the Robinson Crusoes and the voyages to the South Sea Islands so attractive, illustrates the satiety which the thinking man experiences in a state of civilization, if he seeks its value in enjoyment alone, and balances the counterweight of indolence, when admonished by reason to give value to life, by means of action. The vanity of this



desire of a return to the period of simplicity and innocence, is abundantly evident, when, from the above representation of his original condition, we learn that man could not maintain himself in it, precisely because it does not satisfy him ; and that he is still less disposed to return to it again. So that, after all, the present laborious condition is to be regarded as his own choice.

Such a representation of his history is therefore profitable to man, and conducive to his instruction and improvement, as showing him that he must not charge Providence with the evils which afflict him ; also, that he is not justified in imputing his own crimes to the transgression of his first Parents, creating an hereditary tendency to similar transgressions in their descendants (for voluntary actions have nothing hereditary in them), but that, on the contrary, he may, with perfect justice, regard their actions as his own, and, accordingly, take to himself the whole blame of the evils arising from the misuse of his reason ; since he cannot but be conscious that he would have done precisely as they did, in similar circumstances, and that the first use which he made of his reason would have been,—in spite of the admonitions of Nature,—to abuse it. This point of moral evil being adjusted, those



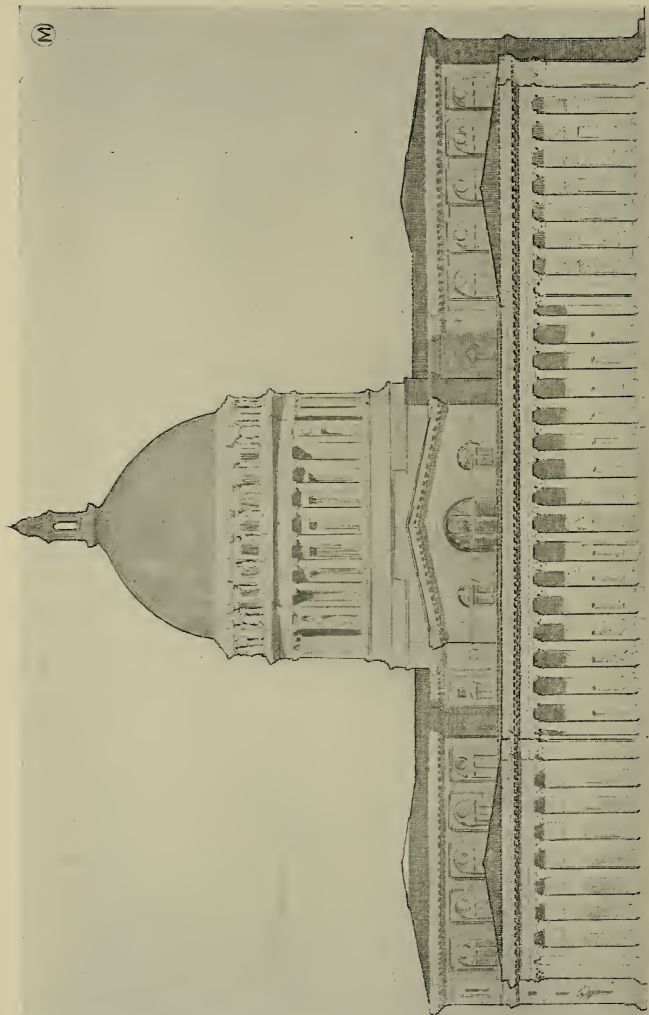
which are strictly physical will hardly be found to yield a balance in our favor, if tried by a debt and credit account of guilt and desert.

And so the result of an attempt to construct a history of primitive man by the aid of philosophy, is contentment with Providence and the course of human things on the whole, as proceeding not from good to bad but from worse to better. To this process every one, for his part, is called upon by Nature herself, to contribute according to his power.—*Immanuel Kant*.



“ Hasten to do good works, when-
ever thou hast the power,
For thou art not able thereto at
every season and hour.”

—The Book of the Thousand Nights
and One Night.



.. A Romantic Adventure in Architecture ..



August 25

Volume VI

Number 11

1912

Fiction in Architecture

An Appreciation of the
San Francisco City Hall Competition



WHILE these few lines are spoken of as appreciative, in all likelihood they will develop more towards the pathologic; for it is indubitably true, that although the majority of architects of "well being" are sound enough, the profession in practice hath a screw loose somewhere. And nothing exhibits it more openly than an American architectural competition for "the supreme privilege" of making a *faux pas* of public works. It is not so much "the style" of architecture chosen, nor "the politics" in the game. One would say rather that it is the lack of style and the almost entire



absence of good planning, in the economic use of space, that cause the trouble, disease, or what not. Believing this latter to be the true situation, the writer, after assiduously studying the various sets of drawings offered in competition for our new City Hall, and reading a few professional and other comments thereon, concluded that the prime reason was to be found in the never failing faculty of humanity to draw conclusions on nothing in particular—merely because “that is the tradition.”

In the case in hand an advisory board of architects drew up a program, calling for a building of virtually four stories in height, to occupy a ground plot of about 106,400 square feet, and to contain in cubic contents about 8,000,000 feet. It also roughly grouped the departments of justice, education, works, etc., and approximated the probable number of square feet each of such should be allotted. This was all right as advisory stuff, but should not be taken seriously by either the advisory board or the competitors; for there is no proof that many of the competitors were not better advised and more able to adjust the grouping and the number of stories the edifice should contain than the said program workers. The test of a right solution of the proposition was not then, whether a competitor met the pro-



gram : but whether this or that competitor had or had not offered the best basic composition to work on as a preliminary proposition.

On the other hand custom or popular ideal in regard to public buildings are ever thrust into such competitions. "The building must needs be massive," or "impressive," and "carry a dome". Like the "Triumphal Arch" of the old Romans, the "dome" with us has become a sort of symbol of national life and freedom. So there is never a question in "the average mind" as to "dome or no dome" on an American public structure.

To put a dome on a combined municipal office building, with its multitude of petty offices, and a court of justice, is a delicate and well nigh "impossible" trick : that is to say if "the designer" has a mind not to put windows ten feet from the floor and butt partitions at the middle of "the little" windows he deigns to use for lighting purposes. "Still, with the modern steel frame, the feat comes nearer a possibility ; but the steel frame does not relieve the average architect and layman of mental lassitude or indolence, nor does it make a good design and plan out of bad ones, nor does it eradicate all snap judgments, pro or con, and save space in wasteful hands. True, colossal "Greek columns" may be erected over



shop fronts of glass, and domes set on stilts, and various other "artistic" capers performed with the aid of "the steel frame". But all this is aside ; for the people, bless them, are inclined to smile at such, and do not look for the same in "their monument."

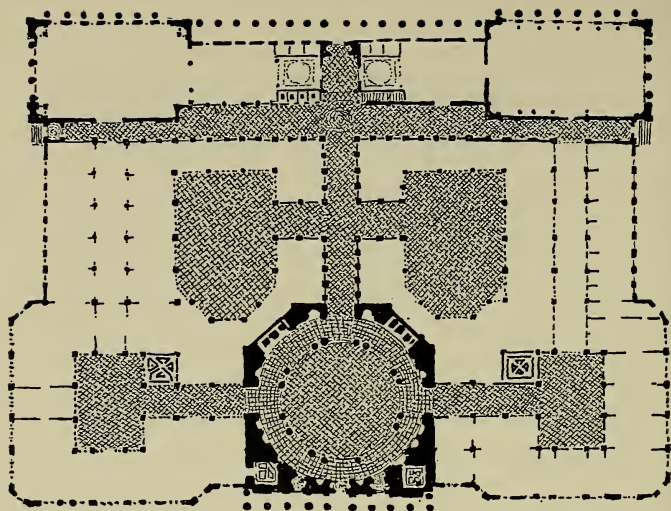
Every competitor then had two entities — not always in harmony — to deal with in "Our Competition," i.e., the people and the board of architects. And no one can say truly even now which won out in the decision — the public or the technical opinion. The writer suspects it was a draw, with no great honors anywhere. And such is the inevitable weakness of results of American architectural competition. And it comes so because it is not a solution of a problem and originality of conception in right planning that is sought, but "a design that meets a preconceived notion," a notion, as said, never founded upon truth, but upon mere fiction — called tradition in polite technical phraseology.

Now, some of the competitors eschewed the dome as unnecessary, a "useless appendage." The good burgher does not agree to this, and there you are : the dissenter is ruled out ; he has shirked "the problem." The "dome" was inevitable ; and it is just here that the competition



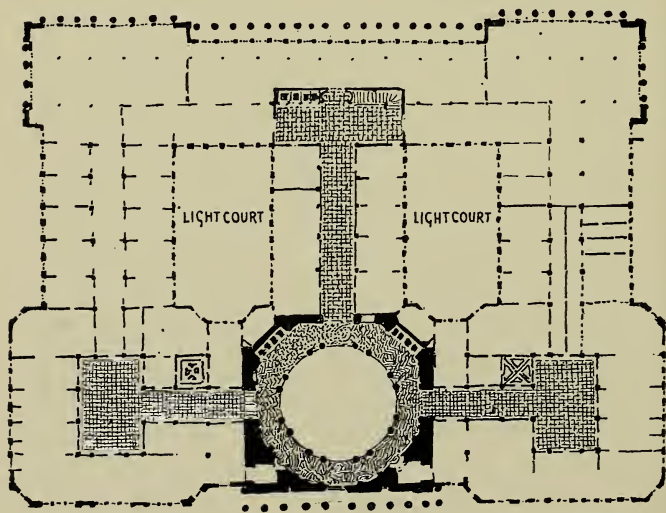
for the City Hall failed, and it did fail woefully : for the "dome" was invariably planted in the middle of the building plat, a parallelogram of roughly 380 x 280 feet in dimensions, although as platted, it was irregular, and exceeded the dimensions, in a way. This general measurement is near enough for study, provided it is noted that the building may exceed these figures at the front toward Van Ness avenue.

A completed building plan such as this, if one desires to really know what it is worth, should be examined, not from the ground plan and dome, but in the attic and at the cornice line. For it is in these two things where the essential weaknesses of both "plan" and "exterior design" reveal themselves. The troubles of the designer accumulate at these points ; and a fairly intelligible ground plat becomes primarily an incumbrance, meaning chaos in "the attic story." There is something "so fetching" in a "four square" symmetrical plan on paper, with suggestions of crowning dome at the middle, and with "a grand escalier," that 'tis not surprising even technical experts get caught. "It is all so simple," in a one story affair, or where vast meeting chambers flank the dome, as in our State House ; but the simplicity is very impoverishably simple,



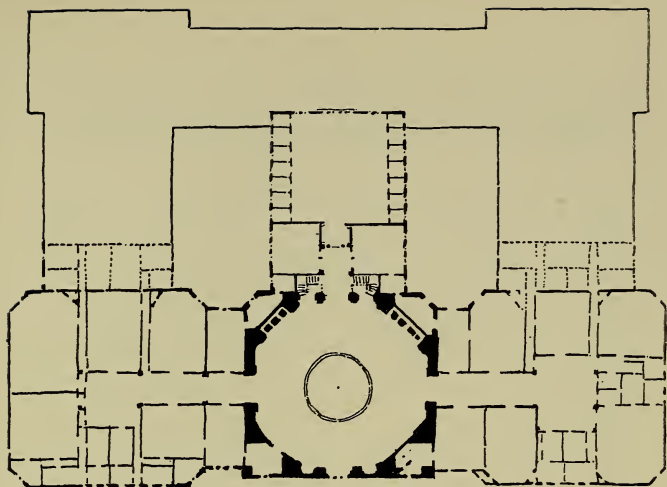
1ST. FLOOR.

(K)



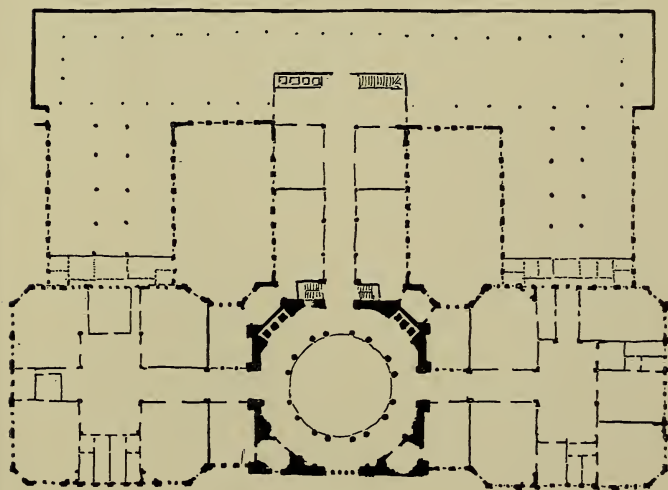
2^D. FLOOR.

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4TH FLOOR

(X)



3RD FLOOR.

(O)



and impoverishing, in a building full of petty offices of various sorts. And it is just here that the competition for a City Hall design for San Francisco failed — and failed technically.

Any child knows that a building covering an area of some 106,000 square feet, or roughly, 380 by 280 feet, and which is to be subdivided in its four floors, in this case, into rooms varying from 10 by 12 to 50 by 60, etc., of necessity must have an interior "light court," or a series of them. So the first problem in our "City Hall planning," was an adjustment of the court or courts, and corridors for inter-communication, in relation to the size of rooms desired. As to grouping of rooms (or departments), the advisory board "cut the Gorgon knot" by assigning groups arbitrarily to floors, the lower floor being reserved for tax collector, assessor, auditor, registrar, etc., and they consigned the law courts under the roof, sandwiching the rest between. As a consequence, law courts leaked out of the attic story, even in the accepted design; and the supervisors' chamber found itself thrust through two stories and in a position to block direct travel on "the circulating passages of these two floors". Again, "the circulating corridor" essentially between rooms facing the street and those facing the light



court, or courts, of the third floor, automatically repeated itself on the top, or law courts' floor, where the system was in no way right. Consequently, the "simple start" ended in simple disaster, where the dome was in the middle of things.

With a few slips of cardboard about the size of a post card, divided into squares, one can soon prove to his own satisfaction where the trouble lay in a four square symmetrical plan with a 140 foot dome and gallery system in the middle. The dome, and its essential circulating galleries to enable one "to cross its open void" falls plump into the middle of "the light court" and absorbs just one-half of it, besides putting about 7,800 square feet of space out of business between "the dome" and "the circulating corridors". Add to this the 16,900 feet occupied by the dome, and the 6,200 odd feet used for "grand entrances", and there is a total of 30,900 square feet absorbed out of the possible 100,000 at the start, before a single office or law court is located. This is nearly a third. It was all well enough on the ground plat, where space was over plentiful; but in the attic — oh me, oh my! For in this and on second and third floors "the essential" corridors took another 17,000 square feet. Forty-five per cent used in mere preparative is a large amount of space to



occupy in designing a floor plan. These figures are but in the rough. Taking a theoretic plan without a dome and developing on a very liberal plan, there should be about 52,800 square feet left after all dark spots, corridors, light courts, etc., are figured off. The San Francisco City Hall, as proposed, develops a loss of 60,000 and odd feet as against a theoretic loss of 43,600.

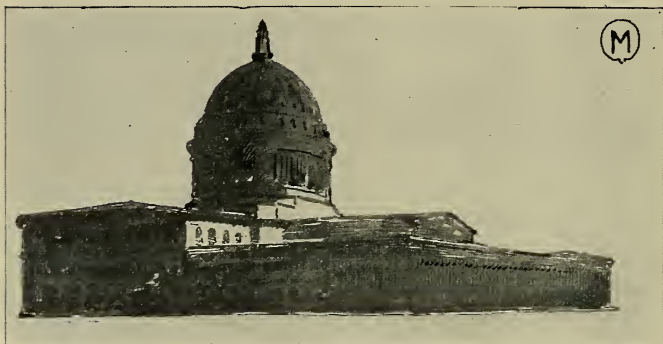
But one has "the dome and the grand approaches" to it, and the tax collector and assessor, and "the grand escalier"? True, but the elevators empty at the door of the supervisors' chamber, and in a hole on the third story, while the grand escalier blocks the grand crossing and leaves one in the dark about 90 feet from the grand basement entrance.

Voila tout! as my dear old French master of arts used to say, after damning "his system."

Who ever said "a four square symmetrical plan" with the dome in the center, of an office building, was simple and beautiful? No one the writer wots of. With the same tiny cards marked off now into tiny squares, each representing about 400 square feet, or 20 by 20, it can be readily demonstrated that the black spot in the middle of the proposed City Hall plat, of about 14 squares one way and 19 the other, should be moved out of its



position; for it not only blocks passage direct but also occupies some 10,000 square feet of natural office space on each floor around the light court. When it is comprehended that there are no interfering architectural problems in this court wall, and that it offers a better lighting than the street, being some 130 by 65 feet in dimensions, the advantage of replacing "the dome" is quite evident. The artistic side, of course, is not as yet arrived at, as it is "willfully" thrust aside, on the general principle that a just, economic plan will ever develop its artistic expression. The first impression of the writer was that "the dome" should be moved towards the plaza facade, but eventually the Van Ness avenue facade was chosen: when it was fully realized that the so-called City Hall is an entity (as described by the advisory board) of those separable bodies, i.e., a court of justice, a bureau office, and an "executive and legislative office." It seemed essential to disengage these somewhat. Elevators and stairways, instead of being arranged in relation to "the dome," should be so located that all three could use them in common, without infringing on each other, and forcing traffic along narrow corridors which invaded everybody's "private precincts" to no purpose. Eventually the elevators



placed themselves at "the rear" of the entrance rotunda, or opposite the entrance at Van Ness avenue. As the various law courts and their clerks, etc., had already leaked out of the fourth floor and into the third, it suggested that the court house might properly be placed in the third and fourth stories, between the elevator line and the entrance. This was done: and the building from the court house line to the plaza was reduced to three stories, partly to break up the long, ugly line of the side facades, and somewhat to give a better light to the law courts and engineering and architectural departments and county clerk. It was also an architectural and practical advantage to lift the center block be-

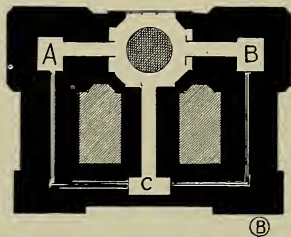
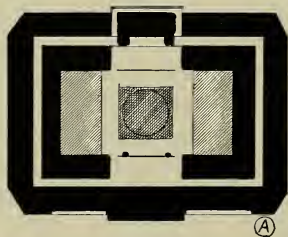


tween the two light courts. This section held two courts of justice and secluded the law library nicely—as well as supporting “the Dome” in its “new position”. Furthermore “the dome” now obeyed a good old architectural truism, i.e., “A dome should sit, not on a tin roof, but over an intersection of two galleries, and show its feet on the ground.” Diagram M shows the edifice, called “A Romantic Adventure In City Hall Designing,” in perspective and block design. Diagrams A, and B, show the second floor plan of the same in comparison with “The Proposed San Francisco City Hall Plan.” The black is the space left available for working space, all well lighted, there being no lowering wall of “the dome” to blanket the court light; the white is corridor and waste space in general; and the gray (or cross lined sections) represents “the dome and light courts.” Not only is it possible in “The Romantic Plan” to do away with the confusing and widely detouring “circulating corridors,” but it is now possible (in it) to really group the various departments. Three arms of connection were constructed between the rotunda and points A, B, and C, on “Romantic Plan” and large vestibules in contact with departments opened out. A continuation of the circulating corridor any further



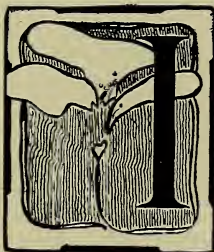
would be now merely for employes, etc., within each department. Again, there was no break in the block as it "circulated" the plan; so the various departments could be adjusted as to space to be occupied at any time. Diagrams X, O, K and I, show a further tentative development of the block plan A; which goes far to illustrate the efficiency of it and the possibility of giving "the court house" section an isolated position.

During all this process it was of course always kept in mind that the supervisors' chamber and its service, etc., should be removed from the center of the building at one facade and placed in a corner, out of the petty city official work and the bureaus, and for its own benefit. It was also thought advisable to move the recorder from his precarious position under a sky-light, surrounded by inflammable materials, and to a corner where a wall could be drawn around his precious records. So, ultimately these two enti-





ties found their way to corners, being consistently large and separate rooms, as flanks to a possible portico, colonade or peristyle facing the plaza.



It was never the intention to develop the result of this little mental exercise in planning, to architectural realizations in elevations. But the question is asked: "How will it look on the outside?" So it was "Let her go, Kelly!" to the end.

But before venturing this fatal "artistic" field, it might be well to make some "apology" for the disregard of some of "the arbitrary placements" of "the advisory board" and those of mere conventions. The reason for moving the recorder from "the light well" is already explained. Why the supervisors are forced out of the second and third floors is because they are in the way there; and, as there is a gross gain in working space on the first floor of several thousand square feet, there is no reason why (excepting prejudice or convention) that the mayor's suite and that of the legislative branch should not occupy it. Again, there is no good cause why the auditor should be grouped in a "finance group" and



embroiled with tax collector and assessor. So he was given an allotment of space and a "banking cage" plan as marked. The registrar merely slipped into the "vacated recorder's place"; he being more in position there to receive his crowds. A passage could be devised all around him, as he needed not so much bulk of floor space behind him as a long line for his customers.

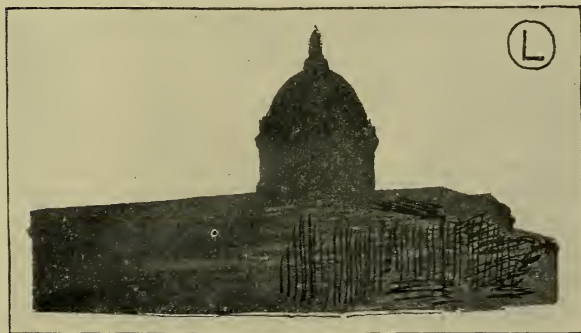
As said, all that is forwarding now is dangerous ground to tread upon; for it has been so long considered the private and supreme domain of "the architect", and there is so much esotericism grown up in the cult of "the profession," that one never knows quite where or what toes he is about to tread on, on entering.

While the plan of "the proposed San Francisco City Hall" is interesting enough, a cross betwixt "a modern banking institution and a hotel," and not very successful at that, to encourage criticism; the exterior is of interest here only as it exemplifies the factitiousness of "the school." It is the product of "a great school"; but as White once said of a prima donna, "her school is not the greatest." Like the placing of "the dome" on its plan, the elevations, as shown, are purely arbitrary; their four facades are mere masks, or an envelope. The perching of "the



dome" on a pedestal resting (obviously) on the roof of the huge cube of the building, and the uplifting of the mass at the center of each long facade, are subterfuge, looking well in flat elevation only, as the pedestal disappears in perspective (as per diagram L), and "the center piece" only serves to block a right view of "the dome" in front. Here attention is called to the curious freak of "optics" which throws the dome of the Proposed San Francisco City Hall yards off the center, in spite of the enormous space expended to get it in the middle.

Moral: never put a square or round feature on an oblong block, for it will eventually, instead of "giving symmetry", give distortion. Composition, in other words, is a distribution of masses, so they balance and give no false angles, etc.





Therefore, it is now confessed that the writer pulled the building down to three stories on the plaza facade, because the dome showed thus to better advantage. It was both practical and artistic to do so. Also he could pull the peristyle, by these means, to the ground, where it belonged ; and use that cubic foot waste of the pedestal and high center piece in making better heights for the judges' chambers and the lower floor. For, be it known "the advisory board's " program limited the cubic feet measurement to 8,000,000 feet, dome included. The court house now lifted itself safely to nigh unto ninety feet alongside of the San Francisco Proposed Municipal Affairs proposed sixty odd feet. And as the base of the dome on that side showed to the earth a broad supporting wall of 130 feet in breadth, with few openings in it, the extra thirty feet in height was a welcome one, in artistry or proportion and for decoration. Further, on the plaza facade "the splendid peristyle" became a further possibility insomuch that it was flanked by great, important rooms not needing the searching light, and the story behind the deep entablature could be lighted, partly by sky-lights and partly from the big, unblanketed light courts. Further, the second story, coming some feet be-



low this entablature (or cornice), could be full of glass and bronze, making a richly colored frieze, as it were, over a wall not disturbed by over-large openings. It were also possible to create on the return wall of the hall of records, a huge window that would materially assist in giving the facades much needed variety of artistry, in place of the San Francisco City Hall monotony of flanks. From the records' hall and the supervisors' chamber, back to the courts of justice section, some would be tempted to reiterate the columns, but good precedent dictates a simple wall as a transition from the peristyle to the more "modern architectural section." And from here around nothing less than the fine old Roman and Florentine palaces serve for models. For the multifarious nature of the inside, the continual breaking up of the sizes of rooms, etc., does not warrant the continuation of "a formal classic design" Nothing less than windows too many for some places and all too few in others, with partition butting into the middle of sash, as in San Francisco's proposed building, could happen. This settled, the cornice mounted to the roof line of the court house section, and the cornice portion of the lower building was used to divide this latter section from the business offices below



it, which became a series of wide arched openings with plenty of smaller oblong windows above to let light and air into the second story. As a matter of course, to give emphasis to the court house and make a proper background for the peristyle, lending it weight and giving it lightness at the same moment, these two upper stories were treated more richly, with pilasters, etc., strong enough to carry the main and needful heavy and richly developed cornice. Above that the roof must show. This prompted that the square from which the dome started must not be carried higher. As to "the dome," a choice of style was reduced to the general or popular notions of what a dome should look like. A dome is a dome in America only when it has an outspoken likeness to that of the Capitol at Washington, or a covert one of balancing itself between St. Peter's in Rome and des Invalides at Paris. The writer is preserving all his real protests against "correct architectural procedure" till he arrives at the great wall which forms the base of "the dome" to — to the earth, please you! The illustration marked R is the result of the second step in Romantic City Hall building.



BUT, that Van Ness avenue frontage ! It is perhaps a protest against tying up artists by pedagogues, as if they were idiots. Popularly and professionally, architecture is presumed to be a mother art ; in reality what they call architecture is really the decorative art, an art in active pursuit of life long before architecture "was invented." The dome and the column, even, had their prototypes in the primitive oven and the totem pole. The people do not erect domes and columns merely as constructive adjuncts to architecture ; but because they delight in these "possibly beautiful forms." Therefore an architect should not stick one on a tin roof, 90 feet back from a cornice line, nor lift the other on a basement full of holes, and against a wall full of windows. It hurts ; it hurts the people as well as artists, to have great public symbols of family, the nation and freedom, so mutilated. It is now to be confessed that the writer wanted to shove "the dome" forward and up so it could be easily and fully understood and seen from both the plaza and Van Ness avenue, because he wanted to play with that huge wall that formed the support of "the dome" to the solid earth. It chanced to be 140 by 100 feet square, a perfect joy ; for there



need be but three openings in it, two windows and a great door way. He merely played at the game of planning the building back of it to see if there was any practical reason why all the architects avoided so placing the dome. The result is, as the blind may see, there was every practical and artistic reason for placing "the dome" on one or the other facade, as illustrated.

There was a chance for a real picture at the goal. There are none—not stereotyped long since—in San Francisco's Proposed Municipal Affair.

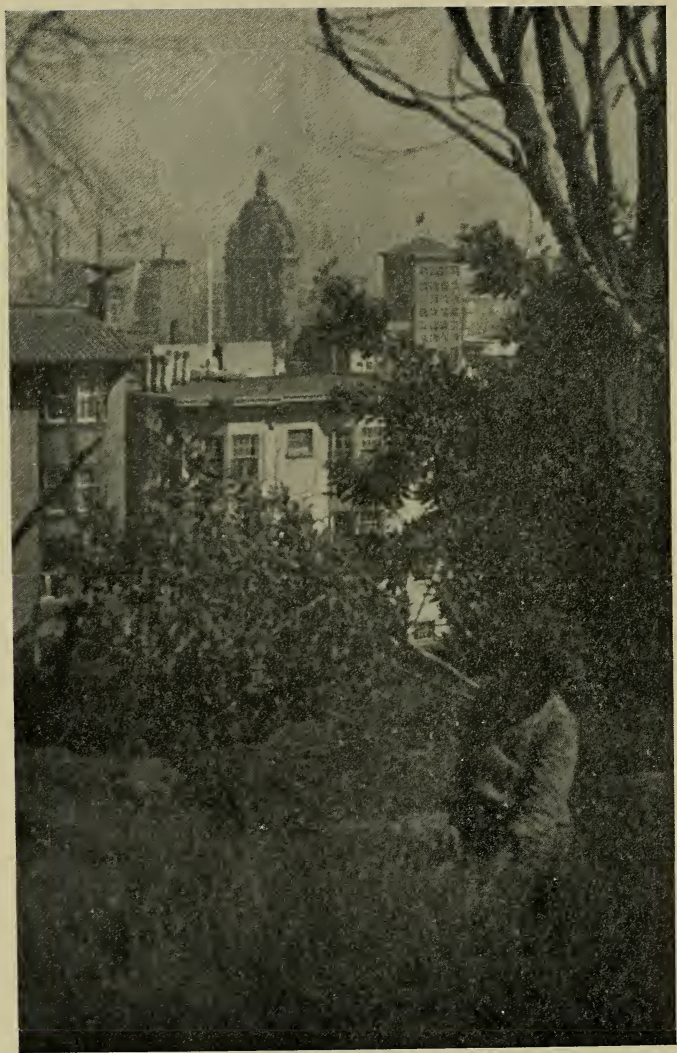
On this front the writer will use columns, arch and dome as he d—'d pleases, regardless of petti-foggers, wobblers and pedagogues. Realizing fully that column and dome are in reality but symbols of power, trophies or decorations, and that all "architectural devices" are largely but conceits, substituted for a more worthy art, he naturally used the whole of that great surface, 140 by 100, to decorate, regardless of public timidity and architectural pedagogy.

NOTE.—It is a pleasure here to acknowledge indebtedness in assembling the architecture, to the Greeks and Romans, and to some of the excellent ideas presented by many of "the rejected competitors."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

“Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, . . . is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

— Shakespeare.



Photograph by LAURA A. ARMER

A Bit of San Francisco



September 25

Volume VI

Number 12

1912

Story of the Birds and Beasts and the Son of Adam

From Book of A Thousand Nights and One Night



PEACOCK once abode with his mate on the sea-shore, in a place that abounded in trees and streams, but was infested with lions and all manner other wild beasts, and for fear of these latter, the two birds were wont to roost by night upon a tree, going forth by day in quest of food. They abode thus awhile, till, their fear increasing on them, they cast about for some other place wherein to dwell, and in the course of their search, they happened on an island abounding in trees and streams. So they alighted there and ate of its fruits and drank of its waters. Whilst they were thus engaged, up came a duck,



in a state of great affright, and stayed not till she reached the tree on which the two peacocks were perched, when she seemed reassured. The peacock doubted not but that she had some rare story; so he asked her of her case and the cause of her alarm, to which she replied, 'I am sick for sorrow and my fear of the son of Adam: beware, O beware of the sons of Adam!' 'Fear not,' rejoined the peacock, 'now that thou hast won to us.' 'Praised be God,' cried the duck, 'who hath done away my trouble and my concern with your neighbourhood! For indeed I come, desiring your friendship.' Thereupon the peahen came down to her and said, 'Welcome and fair welcome! No harm shall befall thee: how can the son of Adam come at us and we in this island midmost the sea? From the land he cannot win to us, neither can he come up to us out of the sea. So be of good cheer and tell us what hath betided thee from him.' 'Know then, O peahen,' answered the duck, 'that I have dwelt all my life in this island in peace and safety and have seen no disquieting thing, till one night, as I was asleep, I saw in a dream the semblance of a son of Adam, who talked with me and I with him. Then I heard one say to me, "O duck, beware of the son of Adam and be not beguiled by his words nor



by that he may suggest to thee ; for he aboundeth in wiles and deceit ; so beware with all wariness of his perfidy, for he is crafty and guileful, even as saith of him the poet :

He giveth thee honeyed words with the tip of his tongue,
galore ;

But sure he will cozen thee, as the fox doth, evermore,

For know that the son of Adam beguileth the fish and draweth them forth of the waters and shooteth the birds with a pellet of clay and entrappeth the elephant with his craft: None is safe from his mischief, and neither beast nor bird escapeth him. Thus have I told thee what I have heard concerning the son of Adam." I awoke, fearful and trembling (continued the duck), and from that time to this my heart hath not known gladness, for fear of the son of Adam, lest he take me unawares by his craft or trap me in his snares. By the time the end of the day overtook me, I was grown weak and my strength and courage failed me ; so, desiring to eat and drink, I went forth, troubled in spirit and with a heart ill at ease. I walked on, till I reached yonder mountain, where I saw a tawny lion-whelp at the door of a cave. When he saw me, he rejoiced greatly in me, for my colour pleased him and my elegant shape : so he cried out to me, saying :



"Draw nigh unto me." So I went up to him and he said to me, "What is thy name and thy kind?" Quoth I, "My name is 'duck,' and I am of the bird-kind; but thou, why tarriest thou in this place till now?" "My father the lion," answered he, "has bidden me many a day beware of the son of Adam, and it befell this night that I saw in my sleep the semblance of a son of Adam." And he went on to tell me the like of that I have told you. When I heard this, I said to him, "O lion, I resort to thee, that thou mayest kill the son of Adam and steadfastly address thy thought to his slaughter; for I am greatly in fear for myself of him, and fear is added to my fear, for that thou also fearest the son of Adam, and thou the Sultan of the beasts." Then, O my sister, I ceased not to bid him beware of the son of Adam and urge him to slay him, till he rose of a sudden from his stead and went out, lashing his flanks with his tail. He fared on, and I after him, till we came to a place, where several roads met, and saw a cloud of dust arise, which, presently clearing away, discovered a naked runaway ass, now running and galloping and now rolling in the dust. When the lion saw the ass, he cried out to him, and he came up to him submissively. Then said the lion, "Harkye, crack-brain! What



is thy kind and what brings thee hither?" "O son of the Sultan," answered the ass, "I am by kind an ass, and the cause of my coming hither is that I am fleeing from the son of Adam." "Dost thou fear then that he will kill thee?" asked the lion-whelp. "Not so, O son of the Sultan," replied the ass; "but I fear lest he put a cheat on me; for he hath a thing called the pad, that he sets on my back, and a thing called the girth, that he binds about my belly, and a thing called the crupper, that he puts under my tail, and a thing called the bit, that he places in my mouth: and he fashions me a goad and goads me with it and makes me run more than my strength. If I stumble, he curses me, and if I bray, he reviles me; and when I grow old and can no longer run, he puts a wooden panel on me and delivers me to the water-carriers, who load my back with water from the river, in skins and other vessels, such as jars, and I wear out my life in misery and abasement and fatigue till I die, when they cast me on the rubbish-heaps to the dogs. So what misery can surpass this, and what calamities can be greater than these?" When, O peahen, I heard the ass's words, my skin shuddered at the son of Adam and I said to the lion-whelp, "Of a verity, O my lord, the ass hath excuse, and his



words add terror to my terror." Then said the lion to the ass, "Whither goest thou?" "Before the rising of the sun," answered he, "I espied the son of Adam afar off and fled from him, and now I am minded to flee forth and run without ceasing, for the greatness of my fear of him, so haply I may find a place to shelter me from the perfidious son of Adam." Whilst he was thus discoursing, seeking the while to take leave of us and go away, behold, another cloud of dust arose, at sight of which the ass brayed and cried out and let fly a great crack of wind. Presently, the dust lifted and discovered a handsome black horse of elegant shape, with white feet and fine legs and a brow-star like a dirhem, which made towards us, neighing, and stayed not till he stood before the whelp, the son of the lion, who, when he saw him, marvelled at his beauty and said to him, "What is thy kind, O noble wild beast, and wherefore fleest thou into this vast and wide desert?" "O lord of the beasts," answered he, "I am of the horse-kind, and I am fleeing from the son of Adam." The whelp wondered at the horse's words and said to him, "Say not thus; for it is shame for thee, seeing that thou art tall and stout. How comes it that thou fearest the son of Adam, thou, with thy bulk of body and



Director's Room
Savings Union Bank and Trust Company

Done at FURNITURE SHOP, 1717 California Street



thy swiftness of running, when I, for all my littleness of body, am resolved to find out the son of Adam, and rushing on him, eat his flesh, that I may allay the fright of this poor duck and make her to dwell in peace in her own place? But now thou hast wrung my heart with thy talk and turned me back from what I had resolved to do, in that, for all thy bulk, the son of Adam hath mastered thee and feared neither thy height nor thy breadth, though, wert thou to kick him with thy foot, thou wouldst kill him, nor could he prevail against thee, but thou wouldst make him drink the cup of death." The horse laughed, when he heard the whelp's words, and replied, "Far, far is it from my power to overcome him, O king's son! Let not my length and my breadth nor yet my bulk delude thee, with respect to the son of Adam; for he, of the excess of his guile and his cunning, fashions for me a thing called a hobble and hobbles my four legs with ropes of palm-fibres, bound with felt, and makes me fast by the head to a high picket, so that I remain standing and can neither sit nor lie down, being tied up. When he hath a mind to ride me, he binds on his feet a thing of iron called a stirrup and lays on my back another thing called a saddle, which he fastens by two girths, passed



under my armpits. Then he sets in my mouth a thing of iron called a bit, to which he ties a thing of leather called a rein ; and when he mounts on the saddle on my back, he takes the rein in his hand and guides me with it, goading my flanks the while with the stirrups, till he makes them bleed : so do not ask, O king's son, what I endure from the son of Adam. When I grow old and lean and can no longer run swiftly, he sells me to the miller, who makes me turn in the mill, and I cease not from turning night and day until I grow decrepit. Then he in turn sells me to the knacker, who slaughters me and flays off my hide, after which he plucks out my tail, which he sells to the sieve-makers, and melts down my fat for tallow." At this, the young lion's anger and vexation redoubled, and he said to the horse, " When didst thou leave the son of Adam ? " " At mid-day," replied the horse ; " and he is now on my track." Whilst the whelp was thus conversing with the horse, there arose a cloud of dust and presently subsiding, discovered a furious camel, which made toward us, braying and pawing the earth with his feet. When the whelp saw how lusty he was, he took him to be the son of Adam and was about to spring at him, when I said to him, " O king's son, this is not the son of Adam,



but a camel, and meseems he is fleeing from the son of Adam." As I spoke, O my sister, the camel came up and saluted the lion-whelp, who returned his greeting and said to him, "What brings thee hither?" Quoth he, "I am fleeing from the son of Adam." "And thou," said the whelp, "with thy huge frame and length and breadth, how comes it that thou fearest the son of Adam, seeing that one kick of thy foot would kill him?" "O son of the Sultan," answered the camel, "know that the son of Adam has wiles, which none can withstand, nor can any but Death prevail against him; for he puts in my nostrils a twine of goat's hair he calls a nose-ring and over my head a thing he calls a halter; then he delivers me to the least of his children, and the youngling draws me along by the nose-ring, for all my size and strength. Then they load me with the heaviest of burdens and go long journeys with me and put me to hard labours all hours of the day and night. When I grow old and feeble, my master keeps me not with him, but sells me to the knacker, who slaughters me and sells my hide to the tanners and my flesh to the cooks: so do not ask what I suffer from the son of Adam." "When didst thou leave the son of Adam?" asked the young lion?" "At sundown," replied the camel;



"and I doubt not but that, having missed me, he is now in search of me - wherefore, O son of the Sultan, let me go, that I may flee into the deserts and the wilds." "Wait awhile, O camel," said the whelp, "till thou see how I will rend him in pieces and give thee to eat of his flesh, whilst I crunch his bones and drink his blood." "O king's son," rejoined the camel. "I fear for thee from the son of Adam, for he is wily and perfidious." And he repeated the following verse :

Whenas on any land the oppressor doth alight,
There's nothing left for those, that dwell therein, but flight.

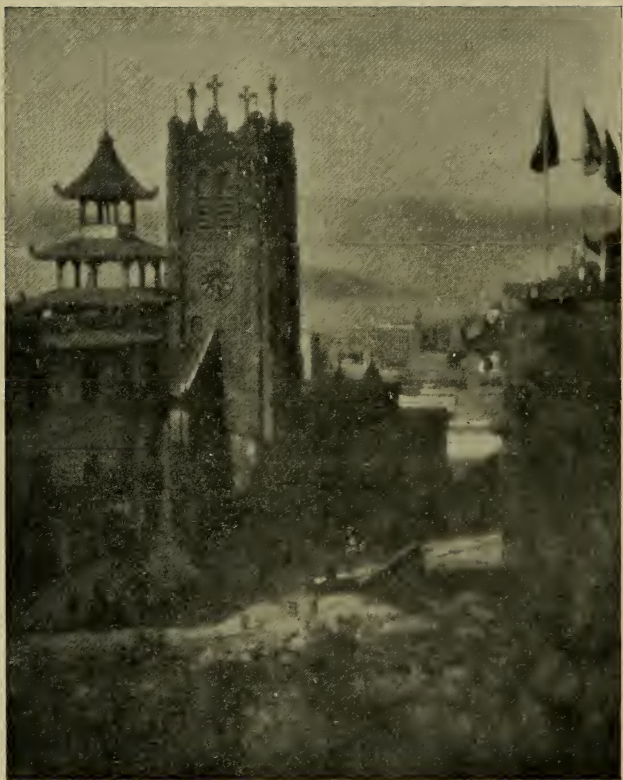
Whilst the camel was speaking, there arose a cloud of dust, which opened and showed a short thin old man, with a basket of carpenters' tools on his shoulder and a branch of a tree and eight planks on his head. He had little children in his hand, and came on at a brisk pace, till he drew near us. When I saw him, O my sister, I fell down for excess of affright; but the young lion rose and went to meet the carpenter, who smiled in his face and said to him, with a glib tongue, "O illustrious king and lord of the long arm, may God prosper thine evening and thine endeavour and increase thy valour and strengthen thee." And he stood before him, weeping and



groaning and lamenting. When the whelp heard his weeping and wailing, he said, "I will succour thee from that thou fearest. What hath done thee wrong and what art thou, O wild beast, whose like I never saw in my life nor saw I ever one goodlier of form or more eloquent of tongue than thou? What is thy case?" "O lord of the beasts," answered the man, "I am a carpenter; he who hath wronged me is a son of Adam, and by break of dawn he will be with thee in this place." When the lion heard this, the light in his face was changed to darkness and he roared and snorted and his eyes cast forth sparks. Then he said, "By Allah, I will watch this night till the dawn, nor will I return to my father till I have compassed my intent. But thou," continued he, addressing the carpenter, "I see thou art short of step, and I would not wound thy feelings, for that I am generous of heart; yet do I deem thee unable to keep pace with the wild beasts: tell me then whither thou goest." "Know," answered the carpenter, "that I am on my way to thy father's Vizier, the Lynx; for when he heard that the son of Adam had set foot in this country, he feared greatly for himself and sent one of the beasts for me, to make him a house, wherein he should dwell, that it might shelter



him and hold his enemy from him, so not one of the sons of Adam should come at him." When the young lion heard this, he envied the lynx and said to the carpenter, "By my life, thou must make me a house with these planks ere thou make one for the lynx! When thou hast done my work, go to the lynx and make him what he wishes." "O lord of the beasts," answered the carpenter, "I cannot make thee aught, till I have made the lynx what he desires : then will I return to thy service and make thee a house, to ward thee from thine enemy." "By Allah," exclaimed the whelp, "I will not let thee go hence, till thou makest me a house of these planks!" So saying, he sprang upon the carpenter, thinking to jest with him, and gave him a cuff with his paw. The blow knocked the basket off the man's shoulder and he fell down in a swoon, whereupon the young lion laughed at him and said, "Out on thee, O carpenter! Of a truth thou art weak and hast no strength ; so it is excusable in thee to fear the son of Adam." Now the carpenter was exceeding wroth ; but he dissembled his anger, for fear of the whelp, and sat up and smiled in his face, saying, "Well, I will make thee the house." With this, he took the planks, and nailing them together, made a house in the



Photograph by LAUFA A. ARMER

San Francisco



form of a chest, after the measure of the young lion. In this he cut a large opening, to which he made a stout cover and bored many holes therein, leaving the door open. Then he took out some nails of wrought iron and a hammer and said to the young lion, "Enter this opening, that I may fit it to thy measure." The whelp was glad and went up to the opening, but saw that it was strait; and the carpenter said to him, "Crouch down and so enter." So the whelp crouched down and so entered the chest, but his tail remained outside. Then he would have drawn back and come out; but the carpenter said to him, "Wait till I see if there be room for thy tail with thee." So saying, he twisted up the young lion's tail, and stuffing it into the chest, whipped the lid on to the opening and nailed it down; whereat the whelp cried out and said, "O carpenter, what is this narrow house thou hast made me? Let me out." But the carpenter laughed and answered, "God forbid! Repentance avails nothing for what is passed, and indeed thou shalt not come out of this place. Verily thou art fallen into the trap and there is no escape for thee from duresse, O vilest of wild beasts!" "O my brother," rejoined the whelp. "what manner of words are these?" "Know, O dog of the desert," answered



the man, "that thou hast fallen into that which thou fearedst; Fate hath overthrown thee, nor did thought-taking profit thee," When the whelp heard these words, he knew that this indeed was the very son of Adam, against whom he had been warned by his father on wake and by the mysterious voice in sleep; and I also, O my sister, was certified that this was indeed he without doubt; wherefore there took me great fear of him for myself and I withdrew a little apart and waited to see what he would do with the young lion. Then I saw the son of Adam dig a pit hard by the chest and throwing the latter therein, heap brushwood upon it and burn the young lion with fire. At this sight, my fear of the son of Adam redoubled, and in my affright I have been these two days fleeing from him.'

When the peahen heard the duck's story, she wondered exceedingly and said to her, "O my sister, thou art safe here from the son of Adam, for we are in one of the islands of the sea, whither there is no way for him; so do thou take up thine abode with us, till God make easy thine and our affair.' Quoth the duck, "I fear lest some calamity come upon me by night, for no runaway can rid him of fate.' 'Abide with us,' rejoined the peahen, 'and be even as we;'



and ceased not to persuade her, till she yielded, saying, 'O my sister, thou knowest how little is my fortitude : had I not seen thee here I had not remained.' 'That which is written on our foreheads,' said the peahen, 'we must indeed fulfil, and when our appointed day draws near, who shall deliver us? But not a soul passes away except it has accomplished its predestined term and fortune.' As they talked, a cloud of dust appeared, at sight of which the duck shrieked aloud and ran down into the sea, crying out, 'Beware, beware, albeit there is no fleeing from Fate and Fortune !' After a while, the dust subsided and discovered an antelope ; whereat the duck and the peahen were reassured and the latter said to her companion, 'O my sister, this thou seest and wouldst have me beware of is an antelope, and he is making for us. He will do us no hurt, for the antelope feeds upon the herbs of the earth, and even as thou art of the bird-kind, so is he of the beast-kind. So be of good cheer and leave care-taking ; for care-taking wasteth the body.' Hardly had the peahen done speaking, when the antelope came up to them, thinking to shelter under the shade of the tree, and seeing the two birds, saluted them and said, 'I came to this island today, and I have seen



none richer in herbage nor more pleasant of habitatione.' Then he besought them of company and amity. and they, seeing his friendly behaviour to them, welcomed him and gladly accepted his offer. So they swore friendship one to another and abode in the island in peace and safety, eating and drinking and sleeping in common, till one day there came thither a ship, that had strayed from its course in the sea. It cast anchor near them, and the crew landing, dispersed about the island. They soon caught sight of the three animals and made for them, whereupon the peahen flew up into the tree and the antelope fled into the desert, but the duck abode paralysed (by fear). So they chased her, till they caught her and carried her with them to the ship, whilst she cried out and said, 'Caution availed me nothing against Fate and Destiny!' When the peahen saw what had betided the duck, she came down from the tree, saying, 'I see that misfortunes lie in wait for all. But for yonder ship, parting had not befallen between me and this duck, for she was one of the best of friends.' Then she flew off and rejoined the antelope, who saluted her and gave her joy of her safety, and enquired of the duck, to which she replied, 'The enemy hath taken her, and I



loathe the sojourn of this island after her." Then she wept for the loss of the duck and repeated the following verses :

The day of severance broke my heart in tway.
God do the like unto the severance day !

The antelope was greatly moved at hearing of their comrade's fate, but dissuaded the peahen from her resolve to leave the island. So they abode there together, eating and drinking in peace and safety, save that they ceased not to mourn for the loss of the duck, and the antelope said to the peahen, 'Thou seest, O my sister, how the folk who came forth of the ship were the means of our severance from the duck and of her destruction ; so do thou beware of them and guard thyself from them and from the craft of the son of Adam and his perfidy.' But the peahen replied, 'I am assured that nought caused her death but her neglect to celebrate the praises of God, and indeed I said to her, "Verily I fear for thee, because thou art not careful to praise God ; for all things that He hath made to glorify Him, and if any neglect to do so, it leadeth to their destruction."' When the antelope heard the peahen's words, he exclaimed, 'May God make fair thy face !' and betook himself to the



celebration of the praises of the Almighty, never after slackening therefrom. And it is said that his form of adoration was as follows: 'Glory be to the Requirer of good and evil, the Lord of glory and dominion!'





Volume VI. Number 12

September 25, 1912

Price Ten Cents

1717 California Street, San Francisco

